

A Special Issue
SURVIVAL

TRUE TALES OF
MEN IN PERIL

Esquire

Man at His Best / July 2004

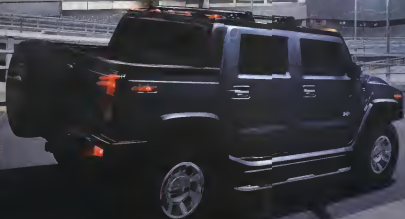


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Wolke & John Chaisson, lead of the scuba divers whose quest to identify a mysterious wreck led to the discovery of the wreck of the USS Intrepid is finally revealed. "Sub" page 64



Special Issue: SURVIVAL!

64 SUB A few years ago, a group of young scuba divers discovered a large wreck off the coast of New Jersey. It was dangerously deep, it was grossly damaged, and it simply couldn't be what they thought it was: a German U-boat. Their quest to identify the wreck became an epic and lethal struggle to solve a world's first mystery. (by Robert Jordan)

74 HOME The entire world saw the shuttle Columbia explode in the sky last year. What few people knew was that the astronaut was American astronaut stranded aboard the International Space Station with no way to return. The untold story of their extended stay in orbit and their nearly disastrous journey home. (by David Jones)

84 CLASSIC SURVIVAL Twenty-one moments of calamity and escape drawn from twenty-one of the best survival stories ever written.

86 LANCE The Tundra Force is the most grueling physical contest on the planet. Winning is an achievement, surviving more than an attainment. Winning five, and preparing for a month each, when you were taken off as dead just seven years ago is everything short of a miracle. (by Jonathan Winters)

96 THE FIVE-MINUTE GUIDE TO SURVIVING EVERYTHING Stuck in a failing elevator? Lost at sea? Tripped by a sink? Here's how to survive your worst. (by James Kincaid and David Winters)

98 ADRIFT An oil rig on the edge of the ocean, riding the Gulf Stream, is a whirling life raft with a sponge ball. A couple of back-to-backs, and a small campy against the sun, the sun. Good thing night is coming on. (by Bruce Winters)

On The Cover: Lance Armstrong photographed exclusively for Esquire by Ben Watts

Rena

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 **HONDA**

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19 Man at His Best Brutally honest Personals, made-from-TV movies, the sex device of the month, Julian Barnes at his best, John Mayer's music-biz manifesto, and Answer Fella on white-collar prison. Bonus: a bawdy limerick from a beautiful woman.

46 CHUCK KLOSTERMAN'S AMERICA A startling new cultural theory that will change your life (and enlighten my LiveRead's concept album). The theory is not just superior but Advanced.

50 TEN THINGS YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT WOMEN The sound on girl-on-girl PG-13, how they really feel about rodents, and why they care about your shorts. [BY CHRISTINA APPLEGATE]

52 MAN OF THE MONTH Former Clinton-administration underling Rahm Emanuel traded a big money career in investment banking for a shot as a freshman House Democrat. A loud man on the Washington scene pole. And that's why some very smart people say he is a real shot for very big things. [BY ROBERT KATZ]

56 SEX 50 cent partners, creative "recreation," and the scene of sex. [BY ANTHONY QUINN AND MORE]

58 GETTING BETTER Corsets, the latest workout regimen from cyclist Rusty Peck, George Foreman's return, and the Overmolded Girl on Nuts.

125 THE WAY OUT Bill Clinton's Amazon page. [BY DEBBIE KATZ]

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Style

Esquire rounds up ten modern-day Livingstones who have crossed Antarctica, trekked the Gobi Desert, explored uncharted Tibetan gorges, and climbed Everest a dozen times between them. Back at home base—and in comfortable clothes—they've got some stories to tell (**Ten Tough Bastards, page 106**). For sheer usefulness, you won't find anything more worth the investment than a good navy suit. Here, four ways to wear it, from weekend casual to Monday-morning meeting (**The Guide, page 43**).



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GIANFRANCO FERRÉ BOUTIQUE NEW YORK

Gianfranco Ferré new U.S. flagship store at New York's Madison Avenue is now open. The store encompasses approximately 3,200 square feet of retail space on two levels. The boutique carries Gianfranco Ferré's contemporary collections for both women and men, as well as all **Gianfranco Ferré** product categories. These include bagels, beach wear, leather and silk accessories, eyewear and fragrances. The designer's most recent creation, a line of fine jewelry with a striking color motif, will also be available at the new location.

Located at 670 Madison Avenue at 71st Street, the boutique is housed in the historic Chambersburg building erected in 1951. This location replaces the current Gianfranco Ferré store at 640 Madison Avenue, originally opened in 1993. The space expresses the elegance and uniqueness of the Gianfranco Ferré brand in a new store concept. Billed out by the Museum in 2003 with the opening of the Park Boulevard, this new concept captures in the most fluid expression of Gianfranco Ferré's creativity and represents a corner stone in the global strategy for the Gianfranco Ferré brand. The concept features a space deliberately organized into separate areas defined and characterized by different furniture and decor, yet unified overall by a type of continuity of volumes, forms and movement.

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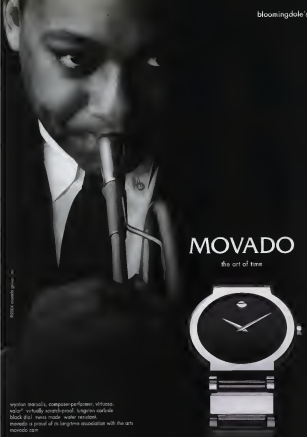
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2019-2020

2020-2021



HOLLYWOOD'S MOST STYLISH rebel-cum-loner, Johnny Depp, opened our May issue with pirate stories and reflections on making a career of failing. Inside, Curtis Peesmen outlined ways to get in shape for summer ("Better Body, Better Man"), and Scott Raab searched far and wide for America's most undervalued character actor ("Where's Tambor?"). But the article that engendered the most pointed response was economist and UN advisor Jeffrey Sachs's radical proposal to reduce world poverty, disease, and environmental degradation for just pennies a day ("A Simple Plan to Save the World").

I was profoundly moved by Jeffrey Sachs' plan. As a former hospital administrator, Vietnam veteran, and now college professor in health and administration, I was convinced that there had to be a better way to redistribute resources, eliminate poverty, and provide the world with hope. The U.S. has been the biggest pig at the resource trough for far too long, and it's time we cleaned up our act. We are used to the "Simple Plan" movement and began a new revolution, grounded in the principles on which this nation was founded: a dedication to changing the world for the better.

Sachs's plan evokes the same anti-Bush creed that has been going around since the start of the Iraq war. Disputing the Bush administration's efforts to bring democracy, transparency in government, civil rights, and free markets to places like Afghanistan, Iraq, and Palestine would in itself be a far simpler and more modest plan. But reportedly, Sachs's neo-liberal plan coupled with a worn socialist redistribution-of-wealth dogma truly does use the causes he espouses.

DANTE WHITFAXE
Newburyport, Mass.

Sachs's rational approach stands in stark contrast to the irrational rhetoric of both the Muslim and Christian extremists who have taken us hostage. I urge Sachs, and Reagan, to follow up this reason with real-world (rational) recommendations that those of us who believe in rational solutions can act upon.

Jeff Hansen
Spartan Falls, Wis.

Sachs is like most liberals who believe we are the bad guys and the terrorists are just some angry citizens upset over a legitimate misunderstanding. Sachs, no matter how hard you think the current administration is, the world is full of very bad people who cannot be removed with 'We are at war.' Saddam did murder thousands of his own people.

JOHN THOMSEN
Humboldt, Tex.

Jesus in America

Also in 1979, writer-at-large Tom Junod profiled the most influential preacher in America and examined what he means to believers and nonbelievers alike ("Rums, 2004").

As a follower of Christ, I found myself upon seeing May's table of contents. I was pleasantly surprised by the fair and balanced coverage of my device, which is fit as scratching my head a couple of times (The Holy Spirit is a hint!) My fervent prayer is that just a few readers might be intrigued enough to take Him up on His invitation and challenge to: "Seek me with all of your heart and I will be found by you!"

MATTHEW H. MILLER
Greenfield Center, N.Y.

Is nothing sacred? Apparently Jared doesn't think Jesus is, since he took the flip, clever approach when writing about Him. If I did sincerely question the reasons for the endurance of Christianity, he might have found that millions struggle to lead better lives by studying the teachings and life examples of Jesus. Instead, Jared succeeded mightily in calling his own soulless. We can'ticker at the quotes of Jared's most oft referenced source, Dr.

Ready Mickler, since he identifies Mickler as a baggy, goggle as the tricky "back back-ing" he inspired, finally appreciate her with-it-ness when he throws in the as crowned Mel Gibson put-down.

Debra Vance
Times Street M.J.

Background

In May's *Portfolio*, contributing editor Ken Kassar heaped unapologetic praise upon the world's bravest and most despised leader.

There is nothing—no act of terror or force of nature—that is as destructive to a neighborhood business district as the opening of a Wal-Mart. Far from enriching the standard of living, Wal-Marts' chainlike approach to business rightly creates an entire class of people so poorly paid that they can barely afford to shop at even Wal-Mart's highly discounted marketplace.

I am no *effort* settling at the pedestrian consumers who benefit from Wal-Mart's incoherence. I simply believe that there are things of greater value than business models that engender never-ending growth and profits for investors. It is an obsession with growth that blinds Kurose to the real costs of Wal-Mart's constant expansion.

There is a name for unending, unstoppable growth: *cancer*. And Wal-Mart is a cancer in America.

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Contributors



Photographer CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON has been in the center of some of the world's most dangerous conflicts over the past decade. Camera in hand, he has observed Palestinians confronting Israeli troops in Gaza, made passage to the U.S. in a sinking boat full of Afghan refugees, and most recently covered the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq. (Then he posed with an Afghan fighter.) So what was Anderson's reaction when asked to capture the grueling, grueling program of cyclist Lance Armstrong as he prepared to compete for his record sixth Tour de France victory? "It just so happens that the one event that I do follow and love, is the Tour de France," says Anderson. "It's just just getting in a bike and riding is hard as you can and seeing how fast you can go. There's a whole complex strategy involved, it's a whole code of strategy or tradition." Anderson's pictures and the stories behind them, "Lance," begin on page 56.



"When the Columbia space shuttle exploded," says contributing editor CHRIS JONES, "my first thought was, 'Wow, when is there guys up in the space station?' With the rest of the shuttle fleet grounded, James a natural concern for NASA astronaut Kenneth Boushara and Dennis Pettit, only astronaut he feared, those moments said that the guys along with their Russian counterparts, Mirko Boudina, had endured a nearly disastrous return to earth aboard the station's 'lifeline,' a Russian Soyuz capsule. Yet their story went virtually unnoticed. 'In some weird way, these days, people think of space travel as being very routine. But when you actually hear what these guys are doing, you start realizing there's nothing routine about it.' 'Home' begins on page 74.



"Human history and human stories lay buried at the bottom of the ocean, not just shipwrecks. It's some really amazing stuff that's been found there, none of these divers could be interested," says contributing editor ROBERT KURSON of the site he's been working on for just over a decade: a pair of Navy J-class deep-sea divers who in 1991 discovered the mysterious wreck of a World War II German U-boat off the coast of their home state. The exploration of the ship proved extremely dangerous, ultimately claiming one fellow diver's life. But their discovery revealed a portion of naval history Kurson's amazing story, *Shadow Divers*, will be published as a book by Random House in July. *Shadow Divers* begins on page 84.



"When I was a teenager, my friend got turned over in a boat during a mean roller coaster," says contributing editor BUCKY McMERON. "He spent the night on a raft and didn't get picked up by the Coast Guard until the next morning, and then they had always argued with me." That childhood legend served as the seed for his jam of high-sea survival in the Atlantic Ocean, "Boat" (page 98). McMeron spent more than thirty hours floating in the Gulf Stream in an inflated life raft. "Mostly, I understood what the night would be like," McMeron says. "But it turned out to be the day after was so hard to make. The combination of constant motion and solitary life is not a strong pair of things. I could have done better on a mountain-top. I was a squint in a glass eye. Anything else."

You, Paparazzi? [Esquire is looking for a few good celebrity photos.]

But not the kind of stock images we normally publish. We're looking for moments you've captured with your own camera (cell phone, digital, or otherwise) within the past year. Two find inspiring examples at the Photo Look for example. Or Rush Limbaugh running his race as a Dolphin game. We'll publish a gallery of our favorites in an upcoming special issue devoted to photography.

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(MANatHisBEST)



Funny★ Joke from a Beautiful Woman

BY JEFF LABRECQUE
PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE MEESE

After a long day of work, it's hard to get into the mood for a comedy show. But when you're in the company of a beautiful woman, it's a different story.

It's a beautiful sight, really. A woman with long, dark, wavy hair, wearing a light-colored, form-fitting dress, looking off to the side. She's the kind of woman who makes you want to be a comedian. She's the kind of woman who makes you want to be a comedian. She's the kind of woman who makes you want to be a comedian.

—MATT CROWLEY

BEFORE CROWLEY
GUARANTEED THAT THE
Joke WAS AS FUNNY
AS SHE WAS.

(The Awards)

The SEVEN Most Remarkable Things in Culture This Month

1

Most Entertaining Bug Fight

A 10-min. jumping-robot fight from *Bugs*, a new book about insects.



M
A
H
B

2 Best Lefty Lyrics

"The obscure cowboy is going back to war. Another king-sized opera on Route 66. Call to love baby on your cyber screen. Mother nature is trying to get clean. Put the laughter on the phone."
—From "Wings of the World Order" on Jesse Malin's great new record, *The War*

4

Best Actor in a Challenging Role

Sarah—I'm a cop like you!
Andrew—Oh, did you go to Columbia High?
Sarah—No, not from high school. From TV. Did you play the retarded quarterback?
Andrew—Yeah.
Sarah—Are you really retarded?
Andrew—No.
Sarah—Cool. So is it, uh, really weird, I thought you were really retarded. You're just as good as that Carley led, and he's actually retarded. Um, uh, there's some sort of like, retarded Oscars, you would win, like, hands down, kick his ass.
—From the film *Scratch*, with Natalie Portman and Zach Braff

6 Best Geriatric Sex Joke

"I took out an older woman the other night, and like an old teacher. Act your age. She died."
—From *It's Not Easy Bein' a Man*, a life-size book of No. 1 sex jokes by Henry of Senegal. Rough. Rough. Dangerous. Real's an interesting (if unimpressive) new member

3 Faintest Praise

"I have this Moody's book, but there's always a moment in each one of these when I get mad at myself for hating them."
—From *Harvard Jobs*, a collection of book critic Dale Peck's ruminations

5 Best Watercooler Vocabulary

► **BUCKETSTORMING** "Being uninvited in a group, discussing why a deadline was missed or a project failed, and who was responsible."
► **BRAGGILL MANIFESTO** "When your boss says he's made a lot of noise, caps on everything, & then says, 'I'm a braggill'."
► **SALMON DAI** "The experience of spending the entire day swimming upstream only to get surprised and die in bed."
—From an e-mail somebody forwarded us

7 Snap of the Month

"You're so dumb, you want to go. One for a booty job."
—From *White Chicks*, the new, slightly brothers movie

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► Paramount thinks a big-screen version of *The Love Boat*—with a hip-hop theme song—is a good idea

approved for the big screen? There's just nothing there. I'm not sure Charlie Kaufman could write an interesting script based on any of them.

FOR DECADES, the game was played the other way—the right way. Hit movies were turned into TV shows, with little-known actors taking over the parts made famous by big-screen stars. Early star-ups to turn movies into series included such failures as *Casablanca* (1945) and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* (1939), which apparently suffered from the absence of Humphrey Bogart and Jimmy Stewart, respectively. But small-screen adaptations such as *Feature Plan* (1964) and *Please Don't Eat*

the Diner (1968) found better, and the film-to-TV business exploded in the late 1960s and early 1970s, when shows such as *The Courtship of Anne's Father*, *The Odd Couple*, and *M*A*S*H* became huge hits, more popular than their cinematic sources.

Theatrical versions of TV shows were along the lines of the cheap, wacky adaptations of *Butter and The Silencers*, featuring the actors from the shows. Closer to 1968 or 1970, there was little talk of taking a beloved TV show from a previous generation and turning it into a movie with major stars. If some executive had proposed a hip-screen update of *I Love Lucy* starring Shirley Maclaine, he would have been laughed out of town.

In the late 1980s and early 1990s, the tide turned. After desperately sham-lived TV-outage boxsets such as *Jack Traveno*, *Daddy Daring*, *Ferris Bueller* (with Jennifer Aniston in the Jennifer Grey part), and *A League of Their Own*, the networks shed

Bigger and Badder

Why does Hollywood keep trying to turn crappy, low-rent TV shows into less-crappy big-budget movies?

NO SOONER HAD PARAMOUNT ANNOUNCED it was mounting its long-dormant movie version of *The Love Boat* (complete with a hip-hop update of the theme song) than I began to dread the prospect of watching about the casting of actors with passing resemblances to the original cast. John Liskow as Captain Stubing, Wendy Moore as Julie the cruise director, Topher Grace as Gopher (you can see the *In Touch* headline now: we no longer turned us on camera), and whatever Wayne Vander is available to leave the bar tender.

The problem with the TV-to-movie epidemic is that the studios are adapting the wrong shows. *Scrubs*, *Sex, Charlie's Angels*, *My Friends from Hell*, *The Beverly Hills Cop*, and, yes, *The Love Boat* are every extra-special in your scenario, but those shows simply had drastic script, pedestrian writing, and stiff acting. What possible reason was there to believe such ships could be

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The Mentality of a Metalhead

away from developments based on hit movies. In the meantime, the film studios were working hard with the *Jazz* TV series, the big-screen version of *Imagyn8*, which grossed a healthy \$17 million in 1997, the *Polaris* sequel film *The Naked Gun*, which became the eighth-biggest movie of 1998, and the movie version of *The Jeffersons* from 1996, which scored a schlocky \$11.7 million.

During middle-aged Hollywood's renaissance, it was like three young Tom Hanks had shown out his baseball card and from that day on, and that even the Kid Spideos can't win worth something. Forget about developing original scripts or even adapting popular novels, if you just to do it flip through an old CBS TV schedule from your junior high days. As for the adaptations itself, spend the first half of the movie confirming the audience with a slightly ironic nodding of the entire plot, also, as the second half to a simple plot, giving the characters against a convincingly authentic setting who want to take over the house or divide the family, in the case of the score films, this over the world, and spend in a few double entendres and in jokes.

So we get big-screen versions of *The Avengers* and *Doctor in the House*, *Maverick* and *My Huggy Bear*, *Leave It to Beaver* and *Lost in Space*. A lot of these movies died quick deaths. (Who remembers 1960's *My Huggy Bear*, with Paul Hogan and Eliza Wood?) Some, like *Minor Impossibles* and *Inter-Church's Angels*, became large and loud hits, due to A-list casting and slick visuals.

EVERY DECADE OR SO, somebody does manage to take a bad TV show and turn it into a decent film. Perhaps *The Love Boat* will be as unachronically clever as *The Brady Bunch Movie*, which has the story set in the 1960s and the family stuck in the 1970s, blissfully unaware that everyone thinks they're fossils.

But with due respect to the modest entertainment value of *Amadeus* & *Hawk*, *S&W* 7, and *The Addams Family*, there have been only two adaptations that transcend close to being among the best films of their respective years: *The Grapes of Wrath*, Ernst De Pabst's raw struggle with rising industrialization of the Eliot Ness-Al Capone dual, with great dialogue from David Mannet and *The Fugitive*, which benefited from Andrew Devens's gritty feel for Chicago, an Oscar-winning performance by Tommy Lee Jones, and a brilliant script that kept Ray Richard Kramble in Illinois and glorified the positive instead of all the law across the country.

[illegible]

Partners: Brian Wilson as Rockford, the world-weary private eye who lives on the beach and solves cases with the help of his dad (Paul Newman), a verbally strict informant named Angel (Jack Black), and a mercurial cop (Bernie Mac) who reluctantly

METALLICA SOME KIND OF MONSTER could be the strongest and most disturbing rockumentary since Madonna filmed a water bottle. The members of Metallica suit up to do away with the prison of an aural assault. They're ended up with tour buses of couch sessions with Phil Spector, a performance coach and the rapper, it's sitting in a movie that plays like *Spinal Tap*: Top meets God! *Hardy People* (2) comes out July 9! Inquirer: Spinal-with-Touche and the directors Joe Berlinger and Bruce Springsteen, to figure out what was really troubling these metalheads. If only those minds had been allowed to sever it's own. —JETER MARTIN

Keywords: Mental illness

Issue: Attempting to record a new album, Se Jinger, despite losing his belief and control over suppressed emotions
Towler's analysis: "They're very bright and very sensitive people. When everybody's fucked-up through them you can maintain fucked-upness for a long time."



Patient: James Wapfield, 60 years

Issue: Brits go along reluctantly a month into recording the album.

Sliefsky's analysts: "He has a fear of abandonment. I think he was going through some really bad stuff at home."

Livingston's analysis: "It's hard for him to get to know people. He has such a burden of being a tough guy."



Patent Law *Wicks, 2008*

Issue: Thrivened by Herfield's need for ultimate control.

Karlinger's analysis: "The cameras were almost like a truth serum, because Lars felt if they were through this therapy and it wasn't filmed, then the face and body are one adventure."

Wiggle: "I am and James love each other. It's a love affair when loving in my relationship is replaced by a crown, then our energy goes into defending a prize and their entitlement."



Parliament **Willeke Hörmann**, le.soll@nib.de

Issue: Just wants people to be happy-
Feela's attitude: "Yoko is the keeper of the spiritual balance, and he is basically a genius. If he was a strong-willed person, the whole band would be gay."



Patients: Bob Trulline, 45 years old

Teacher's insight: "Rob was the perfect addition to the beautiful product of the process. He has a 'teacher's mentality.'"

effers assistance. Soderbergh could direct, from a script by Mike White (*The Good Girl*, *John T. Woo*) A movie version of *The Knocked Out* could be a tribute to the low-key humor of the TV show and as original, under-the-radar film done by dialogue, character, and mood.

Incidentally, we're going to get a big-screen version of *The Duke* of Hazard. Britney Spears and Jessica Simpson reportedly have expressed keen interest in playing Daisy Duke. All of a sudden, the *Love Boat* movie sounds like the second-worst project on the horizon.

EVERY DAY ABOVE GROUND IS A GOOD ONE

SIX FEET UNDER



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HBO



Random Knowledge About the Plague

From *Plague: The Mysterious Past and Terrifying Future of the World's Most Dangerous Disease* (Free Press, \$45), by Wendy Greif

- Tobacco was thought to possess protective powers against bubonic plague. Seventeenth-century schoolboys in London were forced to smoke, and those who disobeyed were flogged.
- Plague was most likely introduced into mainland Europe in 1347 by ships from China landing in California carrying infected rats. In turn-of-the-last-century San Francisco, syphilis was cooked and presented as "frog legs"—discovered in 1948 to have carried the plague.
- Bubonic plague is primarily transmitted by a flea bite. Traveling through the bubonic rats is the plague vector, which burrow and become huge, excreting mucus that can turn black and form a dark, disgusting mass and fissures sometimes destroying the bone.
- In Marseille in 1720, the abundance of plague victims was so great, bodies were thrown into huge piles, with chains at the bottom bursting and oozing infection into the water.
- During the black death, Pope Clement VI emptied to collect the reports he was given for mortality across the known world and arrived at a figure of 25,776,030 dead out of 75 million inhabitants—or 33 percent of the total population.

Big Important Book of the Month

A FRENCH LITERARY SYMPHONY: Our money table love triangle. A doctor's fixating with Pléiade. This is just a brief entry into the multi-volume of Julian Barnes. In 14 books of stunning range, the brilliant Englishman has become one of the very few writers you cannot afford not to read. His classic 1989 novel, *Flaubert's Parrot*, is as provocative and macho as a literary sleight of hand as Hilary Mantel's *Wolf Hall*. And last year we saw Barnes's delicate translation of Diderot's *La Fontaine*, the journals of the 18th-century French novelist *Alphonse Desautels*, which Desautels wrote to be read by his friends. You see what I mean about Barnes's literary range.

And now *The Lemon Table* (Doubleday, \$20). The poet's influence over the present is a major theme in all of Barnes's work, and these stories are a strange case in point. They reveal how time changes people and how it changes love. As one still can't manage to say what he needs to say to the woman he loves in "The Story of Hilda Lomax," even as he lies dying in "Killing French," a clever old woman begins a monumental correspondence with a novelist named Julian Barnes. And then dies from an elderly computer who starts watching the sky for rain in the closing story, "The Silence." "Do they did not come. There was only cold glass. Glass would be beautiful if names did not exist." These gracefully constructed stories are

THE
LEMON
TABLE

JULIAN
BARNES

subtle, erudite, and wise, they attract us because there are few such generous observers of humanity in a world. *The Lemon Table* is Barnes at his profound, delicious heart.
—ADRIENNE MILLER



Bombay Sapphire Martini
by Vladimir Kapin

SAPPHIRE INSPIRED

2 for Your Shelf

BOOKS: STORY WRITER AND NATIONAL BOOK AWARD NOMINEE Dan Chaon's first novel, *You Reminded Me of My Sister* (Knopf, \$26), is a labyrinthine study of the events that bring together two long-lost half brothers.... The delusional narrator of Jonathan Ames's novel *Make Up, Sir?* (Doubleday, \$24) believes he's being served by the dog-eared tipster of P.R. and Hollywood's famous vixens, Jessica.... Matthew Delfino's *Montreal's Divine* (Pantheon Books, \$26) traces the true story of 20th-century anglophone Montreal's progression from radical political fugitive to sublime inventor.



Five Records to Buy Instead of Wilco's

While others debate the brilliance of Americana's lit band, spend your time—and money—more wisely on one of these five CDs

YOU'RE GOING TO BE hearing a lot about Wilco this month, who with all the critical hullabaloo surrounding its much-anticipated new album, *A Ghost Is Born*, has you won't find much burning here. Maybe it's just that I prefer the days when Wiley Lewis & the News was America's wildest band, but I'm completely indifferent to the Wilco phenomenon. It's not that the band is bad, it's just boring. And while I'd like to tell you about the three months of their collecting on my advance copy of *A Ghost Is Born*, I'm afraid that Wilco's fresh-out-of-the-bush band songs, like "Twelve," might come over and over.

The good news is that the stack of CD's on my list are going to be next to Wilco's turned out to be a good one of new and interesting records. Although they cross genres and musicians, the following five records are united by

the fact that they don't just sound interesting, they also *are* it.



Young Heart Attack, *Mindful of Love* (XL Recordings/Zipper Group)

Enough with the *Darkness* already: It deserves props for anticipating a long wait for new Freddie Mercury and, yes, it believes in a thing called love, but it's better if the band believed in a thing called songwriting, too. Fortunately, Young Heart Attack does—affirming rock-rock, full-on songwriting and impossible-to-deny rhythms. And while the *Darkness*'s Jason, the new sounds as if he's making his last band, Young Heart Attack has a singer filled with energy, as a factor in Jennifer Stephens, a second wonder who she is up the boy's club with sticky splashes of Motown

and. The result will have you throwing up and signs of pining over. And he would have it, one of the first great albums of 2004 may also be the last great album of 1999.



The Streets, *A Grand Don't Come for Free* (Virgin/Atlantic)

Before we go on the idea of what *Attack* rappers making concept records, it's important to note that Miles Blower (aka the Street) is pop music's most commodity: a single for talent, implausibly imaginative. Blower comes together with Jonathan Salfon. *Street's* first for language and beautiful look for making the machine fascinating. *Attack's* first surprise *A Grand Don't Come for Free's* glory lies in the music. Across 11 intricately linked songs, Blower lays out the story of a missing 1,000 pounds, a tale that with broken intentions, cheap joys, and shiny red phone screens. Behind hard-edged riffs and sloppy dance beats is good old-fashioned pop-swinging. He goes on "Hey You (I'm)" (classical) as a surprise with more (classical) in an episode of MTV's *Pop My Style*. Blower's progress is a heart with *A Grand Don't Come for Free* holding to report letters. Whereas other concept records tend to get old quick, here new plot points reveal themselves with every spin.



Burning Bride, *Leave Me Alone* (V2)

Two years ago, this Philadelphia-based trio's self-titled, home-spun debut earned its fair share of comparisons to Pavement's *Black*. And while some of the *Brides* would be shaking their money-makers with high-priced Black Crowes graduate George Dinkelspiel needed of a self, *Leave Me Alone* has wound up smelling more like a big step up. By matching ironic humor with impeccably crafted songs, this easily outpaces previous confirms the *Two Figure* principle. Embust and some aren't mutually exclusive. Better still, the blues and blues of tunes like "Heart Full of Black" and the title track make the state another important point: Showing at the door is local pattern never good.



Patsy Griffin, *Angels on Dream* (ATO)

The American Idol finale did like to have seen world have gotten. Knowles' Harris against Patsy Griffin. And I'd have put five



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THE RESIDENT ROCK STAR Monthly musings from our cultural advisor



PEOPLE ARE CONSIDERING music now more than ever. Some are even paying for it. Others have very logically decided to stretch their dollar by spending it on the things they can't skip, like utilities. This has obviously sparked much recent debate at the top. Everybody enjoys arguing about the current state of music, because it feels as if you're talking about something incredibly important, yet it requires little understanding of the subject matter at hand. It's like a dad who asks the pre-questions in *Thelma & Louise*. Points are made but nothing gets accomplished. And oh, you know who complains the most about the music industry? The people who can't find it. I've never seen a music catalog example of taking it long enough to find out who has the most music, or who changes things. As those who have seen my hair schedule know, I'm not the type to sit idly by on a Friday night discussing plans while still slumped on the couch by one at 11:30. I like action. I like that in mind, here are some five ideas to stimulate the music industry, from one of its critics and more important, its consumers.

— IF YOU'RE A RECORD COMPANY that manufactures both analog CDs and the CDs used to copy them, think about dropping one or the other. I'm known as the guy down in red and black, just not at the same time.

— TAKE A CUE FROM SOFTWARE COMPANIES. They've accepted that data is free. It's the license to take it that they're selling. Serialize each disc with a code that allows the purchaser to access a world of online media inaccessible to the blank CD buyers. Let them choose a star name and a purchased, and earn the points that if the same code is used by someone else, it'll be worthless. Sure.

— PUT MORE STICK IN YOUR ONLINE DEPARTMENT. It's the record company within the record company. Check out projects, cost and talent to every artist's finger in its entirety. You'll see why *Clash* is the only game in the house.

— STOP PUTTING MEDICINE CRAP ON DVD. What's the best a friend? Color? We've got because it's an exciting medium that we've got to take for granted. It's also one of the most we can't easily copy. So stop it up for *Caravans*, it takes, and give us some music to sit on our back and center speakers. We got surround sound for a reason.

— STOP SINGING BROS. "Amazing for Us" only lasts until 17. If it had been a great one, a record deal, when I was in high school, I would have laid one hell of a log. Forgive me what are important but of course over when the man standing right beside you talks you up to others as if you're something not in the room.

— STOP SINGING BROS. If it's not a song, you can't sing, you can't, either.

If you happen to have a role in the music industry, it's not a fact, enough to do it, or not a song, you and do it, or just one thing without losing it, and right time. Because there are no rules to a 200% the world are in peace, and there is no much more for creativity right now. It's a tragedy. So don't worry about losing your job, just worry about losing your music.

back on *William* (Cowell) doing the crying. At 40, Griffin has voice that carries compassion, strength, and struggle. And her songwriting is brilliant as impossible. Between *There's a Little* and *There's a Little* is her unique representation of "Top of the World" in her Griffin voice but the *There's a Little* pop-instrument, there are more than enough vocal guidelines to vocal. I don't have to hold your attention. If for no other reason, being it because her "Cold as Ice" will save you on your next post-breakup compilation.

Any song that ends with "I live only to see you live to regret everything that you've done" is all right by me.



The Carpenters, Long Gone Before Daylight (Karek)

On their first collection in decades, the Carpenters prove their legacy alive.

just as much as ever. Their only secret pop hit (1970's "Love Train") and a history of being the most successful covers. It's a tribute that's not a song, you and do it, or just one thing without losing it, and right time. Because there are no rules to a 200% the world are in peace, and there is no much more for creativity right now. It's a tragedy. So don't worry about losing your job, just worry about losing your music.

GEOFFREY BEENE



The Digital Man

The Director's Notebooks



RECENTLY, I WAS in New York City directing a television pilot for CBS starring the very funny and talented Stanley Tucci. Stanley plays private investigator, a former cop who got kicked off the force. He's cynical and adorable, a bit like Stanley himself. Since I'd be on the streets of New York, I thought I'd take the opportunity to test three new laptops: the 13-inch **Apple PowerBook** (15,099, apple.com), the remarkably lightweight **IBM ThinkPad X60** (33,199, ibm.com), and the indestructible **Panasonic Toughbook 20** (14,006, panasonic.com). All these devices allowed me to pay attention to anything but what I needed to pay attention to, the actual directing of the show. And for that, I am grateful.

During preproduction, I spent many hours driving around looking for locations. Previously, the only methods for writing along the beam in the sunset was either playing the "Old Goldie" game (I quickly turn on and off the video recorder and then we guess the song we are telling wonderfully hilarious stories about) or early days in a film magazine on a person. Still, I was told that these stories were getting a bit old. This is where the two PCs with Sprint wireless cards (5100, sprint.com) come in handy: they enabled me to get on the Internet and retrieve any e-mails a little faster than dial-up modem speed.

The two PCs could not be more different. The 13-inch IBM is curvilinearly compact and has a great little cradle-mount in the middle of the keyboard and a really long-battery battery. A removable docking station contains the DVD drive and additional ports. (If you use your computer for watching movies on airplanes, then you have to bring the docking station along with you.)

The Panasonic Toughbook 20, on the other hand, is really designed for intense lighting: even if it is heavy, indestructible, and usually, with rather gaudy everywhere to hang out and sit. I dropped it on the floor of my loft one night, and although I did so damage to the computer, I did get a dent in the metal floor. The display screen is touch sensitive, like a tablet PC, and I really preferred using it to scroll through the Web using a trackpad. I mostly used the Apple PowerBook to watch DVD-dubbed of the show at night. Although that is a great computer, and in many ways I prefer an Apple to a PC, the 13-inch feels almost as heavy as the 15-inch PowerBook, so I'd get that.

Of the three, my favorite was the IBM, which I credit for keeping me show under budget. Instead of paying attention to the actors and doing lots of takes, I quickly moved on to the next shot as I could get back to instant messaging the wife and kid. We finished early every day.



WHAT'S IN YOUR NETFLIX QUEUE?

By **RICHARD LINKLATER**, director of *Before Sunset* (July 2)

1) *Leslie Jones*: One of my favorite musicals, starring Henry Belafonte. 2) *This Sporting Life*: One of the most realistic baseball and sand sports movies ever made. 3) *Screen from a Marriage*: Saves you from having to ever actually go through that marriage business yourself. 4) *Chaplin of a Country Priest* and 5) *The Last Temptation of Christ*: Let's tell the tale of the last days of Christ. I'm compelled to revisit these two truly religious movies. 6) *Trudism Prodict*: Billy Wilder would often ask himself, "What would Lubitch do?" 7) *The Kidnapping*: Great first film with Kubrick is a great act.

PERRY ELLIS

360° RED



FOR MEN

FOR WOMEN

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[Food & Drink]

Theme Restaurant of the Month: **El Vez**

By John Mariani



IT'S ONE THING to name your new Mexican restaurant after a word, not particularly new to us (Mexico is via Hispano-Indian, which itself is like Hebrew, but is nothing new) to restaurant "El Vez"? The end of her abundant image of Chevy Chase on all the bar stools? He has also put a novel, slightly old-fashioned motorcycle above the bar, covered the booths in red and gold velvet, and hung hundreds of happy little Dips of the Devil stuffed lions above the bar at his own Yucatan-style bar spot.

And per chef José García's menu are surprisingly credible dishes: duck confit, bacón with C-steps cheese and cream sauce, a pumpkin seed-crusted pork chop with mole verde and pickled pineapple-corn and chutney, and spicy paprika Chile and shrimp enchiladas. (The creamy guacamole, meanwhile, is charred out tableside by spicy searers.) El Vez's signature dessert is a flourless chocolate cake appropriately topped with peanut-butter cream, caramelized bananas and roasted banana-fudge swirls or cream. Sure, some of the food is too dated and silly, which, I'd say, makes you crave more cocktails like the Cacho-Cacho (rum, pineapple juice, and coconut milk). But it's hard not to enjoy the place for Steve's Philadelphiastatopoli and for José E. A chef, at least the owner did not have to mark the great Ricardo Montalvo.

121 South 31st Street, 212-506-9800

Annals of Drinkitecture: The Gehry Cocktail

WHEN THE FOLKS here at the Esquire Institute for Advanced Research in Mixology heard that Wyborowa had hired Frank Gehry to design the bottle for its new "single estate" rye vodka, we had a good chuckle. After all, you don't drink the bottle. But what if Gehry had actually designed a cocktail? Now, that would be something. Hmm.

After doing the requisite studies and surveys, we wrapped a structural core of solidified vodka and tonic water in a non-continuous cladding of absinthe-tempered hard-crack sugar and bound it together with a spiniform-thyme element of lime peel. And so we unveil: the Frank Gehry cocktail. For complete blueprints, visit esquire.com.

—DAVID WONDOLICH



Esquire Eats



Our Very Own Book

IN *ESQUIRE EATS* (Wiley Books), a brand-new kitchen manual for men by Esquire's own Francine Mikoskakis, you'll learn how to crack peppercorns, build a fish taco, buy the best bacon, flash-fry bone-ins, brew for a porterhouse, slow-cook lamb shanks, choose the freshest sea scallops, spot an authentic olive, use the word castoreum (pronounced "castor") based with the butcher, grate (if you must), arrange flowers without looking like a dork, dig a room, and even boil sperm—all for less than 20 bucks! Available now in stores or at esquire.com.

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Some just happen to be
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[Answer Fella]



White-Collar Prison, Brain Replacement & Loafers

ESQUIRE'S ANSWER FELLA believes that there are no stupid questions. Just stupid people who don't ask questions. Hearing they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out like does, or who has a guess that sounds right.

proper mood to fashion at the moment. The trouble is not footwear, it's your job. Want you an actor or a rock star? your creative drive could would function beautifully as pure vanity. As a career librarian, you should really opt for a ripped T-shirt with an amusing slogan, stained cuffs, and a couple of sneakers. And a mohawk.

Answer Fella wishes could tell the shoe problem may also prove to be neither your foot nor your center but that bill broker you married. Is she excited to wear her spiffy? Pop, and you're free. Good luck! AF's favorite marital advice book: Dr. Laura's *Up & Down*.

When's "hard time" for white-collar criminals really, like? Do they get to play golf and tennis?

No golf. No tennis. No films on the island. And while most reports that North Dakota will lock her houseguests time stamping out vanity license plates are false.

Kate Spence, ex-con and circulation manager for the Prison Legal News, tells AF, "Maximum-security prisons are sometimes referred to as 'Club Fed' by people who don't understand that in spite of the prison's not having

fences around them, all of the Bureau of Prisons' rules and regulations are in force. Where other prisoners are free and the same as every other prisoner at the prison.

"Prisoners at minimum-security prisons are sent to the 'hole' for minor rules violations—just like prisoners in a maximum-security prison. And minimum-security prisoner's access to 'privileges' like using the telephone and buying items at the commissary is dependent on following the multitude of rules governing the daily routine of the prison.

"The lack of a fence doesn't change a prisoner's separation from his wife, children, friends, and the religion and other things people on the outside take for granted but are denied to people in a prison environment."

Eden Payne, author of incarceration advice *Editor Offenders: The Prison Experience and Beyond*, says that an upscale inmate's hard time may in fact be harder than a common criminal's. "White-collar offenders will lack the houseguest time stamping out vanity license plates are false. Their values, experiences, and interests are different. White-collar inmates will spend their time associated with no one to talk to. This sort of isolation and alienation may make the sentence seem far longer than it actually is."

Kind of makes AF think twice about expending those prison redesigns.

Is it true that every seven years, every cell in my body has been completely regenerated and replaced? If so, why can I remember beyond seven years ago? Shouldn't my brain be a new brain?

According to the experts consulted by the crack AF research team, the correct answer is "um, we dunno." Mark Keating, a cardiologist and professor of cell biology at Harvard Medical School, replies with this: "The turnover of cells varies. For example, red blood cells survive for approximately 120 days. Other cells, like neurons in the central nervous system, are long-lived—and the renewal of a low-level cell is the subject of active research and controversy."

Well, okay, then, but what about the brain itself? If these cells are regenerated or replaced annually, how is it that we remember things that happened before the new or backup ones?

Says Dr. Keating, "The answer to this question will aim several Nobel prizes," which is apparently the only way Philo Ryan is ever going to get aacking questions.

Got a question? Send us Answer Fella via secure comlink.

IT'S LIKE GROWN-UP SHOW & TELL.

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THINGS WE WON'T BE COVERING IN JULY'S ESQUIRE: The release of the new books *Inside a Thugs Mind* with Original Poems and Letters by Tupac Shakur and *L.A. Noir: Meeting the Ultimate Prag Post*. Virus, a new natural treatment for genital herpes. The new and "pamplé de l'histoire d'O'Say," a cultured lactose-free soy product. Hummer's new fragrance for men.

the Esquire Guide

THE NAVY SUIT

FOUR DIFFERENT WAYS

This fall, Esquire scales its guide is about giving the men 10 percent, making them quality the backs of your wardrobe and setting you still want. For back, you won't find anything more versatile, more worth the investment, than a great navy suit. It is the quality of a man's closet, inspiring you sharp whether you're going to fight in the bar or a sea on the board. Think classic three-button with a subtle texture and a relaxed fit. ditch the pinstripes and pair the jacket with: stripes, corduroy, or a pair of dark jeans. Use your men. Because the secret to a flexible wardrobe is wearing clothes of such undeniable quality that they'll work in any scenario. And a goldilocks suit will. Three-button single-breasted wool jacket (\$400) by Gino.com; shirt (\$240) silk by J. Crew; tie (\$115) silk pocket square (\$60) silk of Cucci by Robert Talbot; cufflinks (\$60) by Fossil; jeans (\$60) by Fossil.

The Extra 10%

THE CHRONOGRAPH It's not enough to just wear the chronos. To stand out, you need a great watch. Stainless steel with a black dial and a black strap (\$1,100) by Tissot.



Support and inspiration come in many forms, and from many places. Who is making a one-million-dollar pledge to the Lance Armstrong Foundation—and with your help, this yellow wristband could raise another five million dollars in the foundation's pursuit toward enhancing the quality of life for young cancer survivors and their families. Let's join together to give hope, find courage and help those affected by cancer live stronger.

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the Esquire Guide

FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON A lightweight sweater underneath the jacket, matched with a pair of corduroy pants, keeps things casual but still sharp. Three-button single-breasted wool jacket (pair of suit, \$2,536) by Louis Vuitton; jersey turtleneck (\$290) by Ilse Korn; corduroy trousers (\$279) by Celine

FOR THURSDAY NIGHT The shirt's subtle yet colorful stripes, French cuffs, and high, thick collar make it the perfect party shirt to complement the suit's fitted silhouette. Three-button single-breasted wool suit (\$2,906) and cotton shirt (\$3,190) by Paul Smith; silk pocket square (\$45), *Beast of Glass* by Robert Taft-John

FOR MONDAY MORNING Sure, with the new dressed-up thread you've got to button up for the boss, but bold stripes and French cuffs preserve your individuality. Three-button single-breasted wool suit (\$555) by H. Robinson; cotton shirt (\$419), *Beast of Glass* by Robert Taft-John; silk tie (\$435) by Erno



THE TRAVELER Every man needs an overnight bag that doesn't look overpriced, doesn't gym bag. Go contemporary with a modern mix of material. Leather and nylon tote (\$545) by Mu Mu

The Extra 10%

CUFF LINKS A party shirt without a few nips and relaxed French cuffs without brass cuffs. "Where did I put them?" Invest in a luxury but upscale link like these, the only ones you'll ever need. Steel-and-gold cuff links (\$3,050) by Cartier



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THE LEATHER BRIECASE It's time to take work more seriously. And this means leather. Leather briefcase (\$1,900) by Tanner Goods



The Definitive Style Rules: NAVY SUITS



1 A well-made suit will be balanced around the middle button, so this is the only button you should ever use. This will emphasize your torso's shape, give you a little freedom to move, and keep you from looking like Chris Webber on draft day.

- A navy suit can be worn with both black and brown belts and shoes. A black suit cannot.
- The best shoe color for a navy suit: chocolate brown. It's dark enough to wear at night and colorful enough to shine during the day.
- Tuck in your shirt.
- Three things you need in that party shirt underneath your navy suit: big cuffs, a high collar, and quiet, pearl buttons. One thing you don't: bling.
- Undoing the cuff buttons on your wrists is a sure trick, but that doesn't mean you'll slide. Wear it. Even cheap suits these days have multiple button holes. So there's no need to keep it up.
- Navy doesn't have to mean plain. Instead of toying with loud stripes, try a textured fabric to give your navy suit added character.
- Two expensive suits are better than five cheap ones. Only if it's all they should be navy.
- The Tony Soprano rule: "You know your neck size. He obviously doesn't." You should be able to fit one finger between your collar and your neck when your shirt is fully buttoned.
- Don't overdo it. If you're wearing a navy suit, the only black you should wear is a suit.



A Nation is more Advanced than you
Realize though US often invents things
signed to leading progress.



Real Genius

An introduction to the highly advanced theory of Advancement, an entirely new way to appreciate Sting, Val Kilmer, C-Murder, and other profound artists

ONCE IN A WHILE, everything about the world changes states. This is a profound times.

Consider everything you think you know about music. Consider all that you believe to be "good" and all that you believe to be "bad." Consider the status in which you view popular culture. And now—suddenly—your all those thoughts aside. Forget your beliefs, my friend. We are wrong about everything. But you are going to evolve. You are going to understand. You are going to Advance.

It's entirely possible that you're unaware of Advancement theory, like most renegade fields of cultural study, it exists on the fringes of society. However, Advancement theory is the future of intellectual discourse in this country (and possibly in Western Europe). An school of academic thought, it's still young. Advancement emerged just fourteen years ago in the University of South Carolina. It is also dynamic. Economic that I am surely a wide-eyed idealist in this discipline, and that many of its principles still baffle me. But I am learning, and as will you. It is my sincere duty—within the next two hundred years—Advancement theory will be the primary means of understanding rock 'n' roll, and perhaps all artistic ventures. Prepare to have your paradigms obliterated.

WHAT IS ADVANCEMENT?

ADVANCEMENT is a social and condition in which an Advanced individual—a, a true genius—creates a place of art that 99 percent of the population perceives to be bad. However, this must become the work itself is flawed; this is because a true genius is not an Advanced.

Now, don't assume this means that everything terrible is awesome, or vice versa; that contraindication has no place in Advancement theory. The key to Advancement is that Ad-

vanced artists do not do what is expected of them but also do not do the opposite of what is expected of them. If an artist does the direct opposite of what is anticipated, he is classified as "outlet" (more on this later). The bottom line is this: When a genius does something that is anticipated, it does not necessarily mean he suddenly rocks. What it might mean is that he's doing something you cannot understand, because he has Advanced beyond you.

WHO IS ADVANCED?

WITHOUT QUESTION, the most Advanced figure of all time is Lou Reed. Reed's single most Advanced moment came in 1966, when he released the song "The Original Waaaaap" in which he raps about AIDS. Some feminists, and writers (last year's The Rules, a concept album inspired by Edgar Allan Poe, was a close second). The fact that Reed made an anticorporate radio song called

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"Was a single"—but then made an old-fashioned, radio-friendly version of this very same song—in *Advanced*. David Byrne's cover of Whitney Houston's "I Wanna Dance with Somebody (Who Loves Me)" is profoundly *Advanced*, as is the Bowie-Jagger cover of "Dancing in the Streets." The most *Advanced* hard-rock album ever was *Musik from "The Edge,"* by Kiss, the soundtrack for a movie that does not exist. The *Edge* also includes a representation by Lou Reed, which obviously fails. Last year, rapper C-Mander was charged with a murder. If you were yourself, C-Mander and your actual murder victims, consider yourself *Advanced*.

WHO IS NOT *ADVANCED*?

ALMOST EVERYBODY ELSE. Neil Young (not *Advanced*), his career built on the premise that he follows no rules, so he cannot *Advance* beyond the lawlessness of his inherent nature. None of the Beatles were *Advanced*, although Paul McCartney is close. But Dylan really farts with *Advanced*; in fact, his recent appearance in a Victoria's Secret commercial might be his most *Advanced* move yet. However, fun does not mean these people can never *Advance*; that's always possible. For example, if Radiohead released an album of wordless, enthusiastic droning, that would be predictable. If Radiohead made a glam-rock record, that would be over. But if Radiohead recorded an album of blues standards, they would *Advance*. The potential is there.

WHAT ARE THE RULES OF *ADVANCEMENT*?

TWO DEPENDS. One, you believe. The *fundament of Advanced* is not theory, unless a strict criteria. The *Advanced* artist must (at some point in his career) wear a black leather jacket with black sunglasses, be much more smaller, and be a rapper on the cover of his own solo album. However, almost no second-generation *Advanced* theorists follow these guidelines. The only thing that everyone seems to agree upon is that *Advanced* has no relationship to irony: if something is done ironically, it cannot be *Advanced*.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE "OVERT"?

THIS IS AN ESPECIALLY CONFUSING point, but it's essential to the overall theory. If it's hard to over, they appear *Advanced*. However, they are actually the opposite of *Advanced*, because their seemingly impenetrable de-



The Most Advanced Actor in the Universe

• Whenever I'm asked why my favorite actor is, I inevitably pick a somebody who doesn't technically exist anymore. I find myself saying things like "Al Pacino in 1970" or "Paul Newman, back when he played convicts and drunken cowboys." This, of course, is cheating: anyone can spot a great actor retrospectively. The tougher question is "What's your favorite actor right now?" I think I know the answer: The best working male actor is Neil Simon.

Oh, I know Philip Seymour Hoffman is great, and John C. Reilly is pretty good, and Barnabé Tors is not terrible. But Neil Simon—what a person this month in Manhattan, about an FBI profiler who's profiling a serial killer who kills FBI profilers—is so useful. And he's not used in that obvious, lock-in-their-arms manner that defines *Johnny Dingo*. He's used in a way that even Val Kilmer might admire: when he starred in David Mamet's *Spanglish*, he played a government agent who appeared to have no philosophical relationship to the government. When he played real-life porn star John Holmes in *Wonderland*, he acted like someone who never actually existed. However, when he portrayed Jim Morrison in *The Doors*, he tried to act exactly like Morrison, injecting no element of himself into the role whatsoever. He did the same thing in *Redoubt*, despite the fact that nobody even knows what Redoubt is; he's supposed to act like it.

It just seems like nobody makes the kinds of decisions that Simon makes all the time. Plus, he acts in the remake of *The Mirror of St. Mirrors*. That's pretty *Advanced*. —C.K.

sons are driven by gods. For example, the *Darkness* are over. The *Flaming Lips* are over. When Scott Caan collaborated with William S. Burroughs in 1994, that defied common sense. However—and here's the tricky part—you usually need to become over before you can become *Advanced*. Lou Reed's best record was over, but he's ascending toward *Advanced*. And once you achieve *Advanced*, you can then return to being over, which is just you are healed as an *Advanced* irritant. The opposite of this is Lou Reed's *Mean Machine Music*. (I don't fully grasp this part, either.)

WHO INVENTED *ADVANCEMENT*?

THE SCIENCE OF *ADVANCEMENT* was founded by Joseph Hurlay and John Bergman in 1990, during conversations at a Puma Hat in Columbia, South Carolina. Hurlay and Bergman view *Advanced* as a more "optimistic" way to enjoy rock 'n' roll, because it eliminates the tension of what's supposed to be bad or trendy. *Advanced* is the appreciation of music that seems illogical on purpose.

"Grits are eaten in very very specific to themselves," says Hurlay, who is currently the editorial director for Delta's, a more than self-defining magazine for (this is a highly advanced commercial for a heterosexual academic.) "For example, an overt artist will put out material that is ambiguous and can therefore be interpreted by the listener in any manner he desires. Michael Stipe's lyrics don't really

mean anything, so any sixteen-year-old can choose to believe that there's much more to them than he wants. But the *Advanced* artist never does this."

ARE THERE CRITICS OF *ADVANCEMENT*?

INDIES. SOME PUNKS find *Advanced*'s circular logic both dogmatic and addictive.

"*Advanced* doesn't believe that there's a spirit of inquiry," says Bob Sheffield, a four-five-inch writer for *Rolling Stone* and the owner of many moderately expensive sweaters. "It's really just a way for *Advanced* most people to appreciate shiny music by people they consider to be nobody. It allows you to engage with Lou Reed's music from the 1980s, because the *Advanced* are the Outfield. This entire theory is based on a Humean belief in the principle of self-consciousness."

This is a valid point, possibly. Even Hurlay is sometimes stymied by his own theory: once something is deemed *Advanced*, all debate ceases.

"I find this unbearable," admits Hurlay. "But I know that *Being in Advanced* life must be super-*Advanced*, and just don't understand him. It's kind of like when Einstein came up with the theory of relativity: there were still parts of that theory that even Einstein did not understand. Those concepts were left for future generations." In other words, it's really up to us all of us. Only you can achieve the state of *Advanced*. The truth is out there, and he's probably wearing sunglasses. ■

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Ten Things You Don't Know About Women

By Christina Applegate

1. When we say that we know something is going on, you'd better fess up. We've got a nose for the truth.

2. Bad shoes are a turnoff. Holding on to your "fancy" old cowboy boots will likely be the first step toward the end of a relationship.

3. Hearing about your obsession with Michael Vick's athletic prowess is about as riveting to us as our gushing over the brilliance of OPI nail polish is to you. Never heard of it? Don't care? Exactly.

4. If you insist on driving, please leave the navigation duties to us. In fact, even if we're driving, go ahead and let us navigate then, too. Our way is shorter, and if you'll just sit right (you can read your Michael Vick book), we'll prove it to you.

5. Best girlfriends can be very affectionate with each other. Just because we occasionally hold hands doesn't mean this thing's about to turn into *Girls Gone Wild: Ultimate Spring Break*. So simmer down.



- 6.** We don't understand the pick-up truck. Unless you're actually hauling wood on the weekend—which has turn-on potential—get a more chic k-friendly car with seat warmers.
- 7.** Call us back right away. That "three day" crap does not apply. We're getting older and we don't have time to screw around. We're too long and we'll lose interest. Trust me on this one.
- 8.** Guys who go to Hoosiers to watch the game are usually the same guys who go to lunch at strip clubs for the free chicken-fried steak. Don't be one of those guys.
- 9.** If we come to you with a problem, don't get all Dr. Phil on our asses. We'll figure out the answer on our own. In fact, we already know the answer; we just like hearing ourselves talk.
- 10.** It bears repeating for a reason: Be nice to our mothers.

Christina Applegate stars opposite Will Ferrell in *Anchorman* in theaters in July.

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Man of the Month



Rahm Emanuel A rising star of the House is a former Clinton underking bent on shaking his flamethrower reputation. Is his next step the Kerry administration? BY ROBERT KURSON

SOMETHING'S WRONG INSIDE THE JEWEL grocery store in Chicago: the one over by Portage Park. A U.S. congressman with a hard-on for honey has set up a card table and is passing out literature and shaking hands and talking about making ends meet. He's negotiating with prescription-drug merchants and passing his arm around old ladies. He's checking the produce bins of hot-on-the-market. No it's honey, far from an election, and he doesn't seem to want anything from these people. When wary customers ask what he's selling, he tells them, "I'm selling anything. Here's my number and address. Let me know if I can help you," and he keeps saying this for hours.

"I'll tell you this about Rahm Emanuel," says campaign-manager-turned-political-pundit James Carville. "He's going to end up in the Cabinet, in the Senate, or the House leadership. Pick one or five there. There's no doubt in my mind."

Emanuel may be a Democratic House freshman, the lowest his-for-one in Capitol Hill, but he has hardly been content to spend his first go-around as a backbencher. Both Democrats and Republicans already look to him as point man on affordable drug importing, a critical issue to millions of Americans. And in a year and a half in office, he has introduced thirteen bills—five of them tax related and six with bipartisan support—a list most newbies wouldn't dare. "I don't know if we've ever had a more complete package than Rahm," Carville says. "He has real depth on policy issues, has a genuine political aptitude, and knows how to raise an extraordinary amount of money."

But for those who know Emanuel's story, the scene at the grocery borders on the surreal. At thirty-one, he was Bill Clinton's best-looking example of a principal fundraiser, a brash wunderkind who collected millions for the candidate. At thirty-three, he became Clinton's White House political director, then found himself kicked to the

basement for what one national publication called his "naked aggression" and "ruthless and mean style." The demotion didn't necessarily shock those who knew Emanuel's reputation; this was a guy who, after all, once sent a dead fish to a political consultant who'd cosigned him.

"After a few weeks, Rahm came home, it's over," says political consultant David Jacobson, Emanuel's longtime friend. "He said, 'This is the opportunity of a lifetime! And he headed back, step-by-step, from the south, until he was twenty feet away from the Oval Office as Clinton's senior advisor and consulting with the presidential staff on the most important issues of our time.'"

After Clinton left office, Emanuel went to work as an investment banker. He made \$16 million in two and a half years. His bid was almost-charged, his associates the most powerful and astute businessmen in America. The Jewel near Portage Park was a million miles away.

This Emanuel made his breakthrough move of all. He quit his investment banking and decided to run for Congress. Some might be found himself wondering in North Side kin-

■ The four seen rag above left at his favorite weekend haunt, a Jewel store in Chicago. "Look, I make 1 million a year and I'm here," Emanuel says. "But I want always more sophisticated quality than I"

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ge balls and at firehouses and outside of schools, a Jew with a weird name asking to represent a majority Catholic, Polish, and working class district. He told people he cared about them and wanted to fight for them. They remembered his father, a pedicarian who had raised generations of families in the area, and they knew his uncle, a cop from the seven-seventh district on Pulaski. They seemed ready to give him a shot. His problem: he wouldn't be the kind of guy who showed up only when he needed something. He promised to keep coming to the Jew.

Today, more than a year later, he's still unfolding the end mile, still conducting these regular "Congress on Your Camera" sessions of his, still listening. One or two arrive with a list of more than twenty concerns, which he has rolled up like a scroll inside his Chicago Bears parka. Emanuel seldom sees every one of them. A sixty-year-old woman laughs when Emanuel looks her a pamphlet and says he can show her how to use money as an utility.

"Why do I need to use money? I'm on the way out," he woman says.

"Well, that I have a lot of advice for you," Emanuel desponds. "Don't buy the green bananas."

No one laughs harder at the joke than does Emanuel.

When he begins Congress on Your Camera, shoppers would cook an eyeflower and ask, "Didn't I just vote for you?" He would explain that he was doing office hours, a concept that took weeks for some in this no-nonsense, no-frills district to digest. Before long, though, people found Emanuel ready to fight on their behalf. A woman's story about her father's abuse at a local nursing home led to Emanuel's introducing the Elder Justice Act, which makes abuse of senior citizens a federal crime. A man who couldn't afford groceries because of the cost of his prescription drugs was directed to programs that saved him thousands. And Emanuel recovered war medals the government had owed veterans for decades. He won't stuff down.

Not despite his carefully crafted Congress on the Corner image, it's noticeable to wonder how long a guy like Emanuel, now forty-five, might stay so local. Even before his election, he was overruled, though unsuccessfully, for a position on the prestigious House Ways and Means Committee. He already might as vice-chairman of his party's campaign

with a knack for fundraising and expertise as President Clinton's special director. But Emanuel knows something is true about getting elected to the White House by after John Kerry came up during the Democratic debate nominee, not least Emanuel when Kerry needed to do know how's his advice, plus one take on how well the man without a supreme chair has done recently against the past plan.

1. Devise a home and security initiative. "Create a signature domestic idea to help winning the war on terror," something like this is what Emanuel did in talking about adding a hundred thousand police. "Kerry's progress." Besides adding along adding a hundred thousand, bringing in a hundred thousand, he has proposed a Homeland Security Corps to coordinate measures at the community level—much like his bold, it apparently doesn't need details.

2. Promote work. "Have a jobs number." Emanuel did in 2002. Give the plan a specific idea of how many jobs you'll create and remind them how many Bush has lost. "Kerry's progress." Emanuel's campaign on employment, two big ones inevitably came up: the ten million jobs he says Bush has lost and the eleven million he says Bush has lost.

3. Simplify taxes. "I'm a big believer that Kerry should come out for the simplification of the tax code. Make Bush own his current chaos." "Kerry's progress." He's also plan to work on simplifying the tax code by tightening loopholes and offering tax incentives to encourage investment in the private sector.

4. Lower tuition. "We're on record as higher education and address the millions of the cost." "Kerry's progress." He's also plan to work on simplifying the tax code by tightening loopholes and offering tax incentives to encourage investment in the private sector.

arm, and talk among some top Dems that he might consider running things. But he has even begun to look like some sort of a Cabinet position in a Kerry White House, possibly as U.S. Trade Representative. But Emanuel is not interested in talking about his future. He just keeps looking around the Jew and handing out flyers. "When I stand here, people look at me like they got the guy in the corner," he says. "They need someone to contribute who's going to stay for them." ■



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■ **My wife is silent in bed. I hate it. What can I do about it? And what's wrong with her?**

I'm sorry, the agency should've warned you that some of them don't speak English. If at whatever time this may be, please understand that women living in the States are used to sex being sexual. Your wife no doubt grew up hearing the old proverb "If you don't have anything nice to say, just lie there and think about shopping or something until it goes." That's why, in the situation I'm envisioning, "sex" for her is being sexually satisfied," says sexuality educator Lagen Levkoff. "If that does it, work, play, or whatever you take turns pleasuring each other. . . . Ask her to walk you through step by step how she wants you to touch her." Other pros at Sunset Thomas suggest you "prompt her" . . . ask her questions. Create a dialogue. "If that sounds daunting, try some already created dialogue—perhaps an excerpt from Neil Simon's *Lost in Space*. Above all, be patient. Think of yourself as a determined therapy worker, not a manipulative Helen Keller. "You're thinking that maybe she's keeping a secret

inside during sex," guesses Thomas. "She may not say and she but shock you with a 'Come on, baby, fuck me with that big black cock' or 'oh, sweetie'." Just remember, women are like us: they're not always exactly alike. "Some of us, even in the hottest of encounters, stay fairly quiet," says Levkoff, which reminds me of another proverb: "It is better to reveal silent anger than to shout." Come on, baby, fuck me with that big black cock."

I want to ask my girlfriend to have her breasts to pleasure me, but I'm worried it just isn't her personality for her at all. Thoughts? Most experts will tell you that this situation calls for some communication, but "one of the mind that too much communication can be kind of gross. One thing leads to another, and the next thing you know, drum on, and naked meat eating. For some thing as mild as this, I say, should just yourself right in there!" "Beige for the most selfish lovers," says Richard M. Siegel of Planned

• You've got questions, she's got answers



Parenthood, "most people get off as much on pleasuring as by being pleased." Well, maybe not so much, but honestly, you'll be unpleasant for her. At least, it'll be a downright decent sensation, comparable to, say, driving a six-year-old Volvo or having some humor. "An obsession of a penis on other parts besides driving her or an anal can be rewarding for both partners," says Siegel. "And creative options abound: between thighs, between buttocks, behind knees, and, gets, between the breasts." And just add until you discover the technique you can do with the couple.

I've been a friend of mine that women who've had sex recently give off a scent that attracts guys. Is the same true for men attracting women? And if it is, can I manipulate it and achieve the same effect? Well, like the lady you think, that is an impressive notion, but ask yourself one question: Has it worked yet? Has that just masturbated tonight ever pleased a woman to your point like a tobacco pipe in a closet? "But I'm asking what about the idea of men having and its tendency to cause them to discriminate between partners and unattractive females?" I know I know. Any one who's ever hung around the animal kingdom will tell you that there's an important role in mating habits. However, research has yet to prove conclusively that the human sense of smell is sensitive enough consciously or otherwise, to pick up on sex chemicals. (Although research certainly doesn't mean a lot of it.) Of course, there are products you can buy that contain synthetic forms of sex chemicals called pheromones (from the Latin phero, meaning "put," and more meaning "take"), but as with all things that come from North Carolina, in urban America, the best bet is to be a little bit of a scientist. Besides, Richard A. Althaus, director of the Berkeley Sex Therapy Group, reminds us that "smell is at the bottom of the list of what attracts guys." Believe it falls right between "bavarian beer collection" and "household cleaning." And what people refer to something "smelling like sex" they are most likely responding to the classic combination of sweet semen, vaginal fluid, and body oils, sweat, and sometimes, if you're very lucky, a little hope.

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■ **HOW DO I FIND SOMEWHERE TO TRAIN WITH IT?** Kettlebell.com. Talk to trainers at your fitness center and check out kettlebell.com/pages.com

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[Drug of the Month: NADH]

ITS NAME SOUNDS like something a rocket scientist might say if he were speaking in tongues. Nicotinamide adenine dinucleotide hydrogens. Luckily, on the shelf it goes by an easy-to-remember acronym, NADH. But claim it will restore fatigue, tighten gelatin, enhance mental clarity, and lift depression. —SUSAN CASEY

How it (supposedly) works: NADH is the coenzyme form of vitamin B3, and you'll find it in every cell in your body. The more active the cell, the more NADH it has. Heart cells, for example, have plenty. And they wouldn't need any additional help from you if it weren't for the fact that NADH gets depleted over time. Once a cell has less than it needs, everything slows down—the very definition of aging. And the body doesn't make additional NADH to replenish your supply; you have to turn to an outside source.

The verdict: Several years ago, a homeopathic doctor turned me on to NADH, and I've been taking it intermittently ever since. I can't point to one giant benefit I've noticed while using it, but when I don't take it for a while, I suddenly miss it. At the risk of sounding vague, if I say NADH makes me feel better. It's an extra kick you might not even notice until you've gotten through a particularly hard week without dragging ass—and with spare juice left over for the weekend.

Fun fact: NADH is the body's most potent antioxidant.

You must: Get the brand called Enada. It's the only one that's stabilized and enteric-coated, which prevents your stomach acid from killing the NADH before it enters your bloodstream. Take five milligrams on an empty stomach, with at least eight ounces of water. Try this for four months, then take one month off.

Where to buy: Any health-food store. \$33 for fifty tablets.

Susan Casey is an overworked executive and former-life nationally asked release who continues to compete against college-aged punks.



On Charity

PEOPLE OFTEN ASK me how I'd like to be remembered. My answer might surprise you. It goes back to the early 1970s, after I'd retired from boxing and was running a gym. I really didn't have a lot of money back then. And all these accountants were telling me, "You're always givin', if you don't stop givin' and givin', you're gonna end up like Joe Louis with nothin' for yourself."

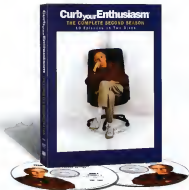
One day, this little kid came by the gym to work out. I said, "Fine, but you can't hit the punching bag with-out-hand wraps. They cost five dollars." The kid's face told me he really wanted those hand wraps, but there wasn't no such thing as asking his permission to pay for the wraps. So I said, "Listen, you don't have the five dollars. But as soon as you get it, I want you to pay me back."

Three days passed. I came back to boxing and was getting ready to fight for the title again. I'm at a service station when a man I don't know comes up and hands me five dollars. I said, "What are you doing that for?" He said, "Remember those hand wraps? You told me to pay you back when I got the money."

He said this was his gift of the service station. Not only was he not at the box anymore, but he had kids too. I said, "One look at his face told me he was the kind of man who would do something good for somebody."

George Foreman, former two-time heavyweight champ and profitable grill entrepreneur, is pastor of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ in Houston.

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Warning: Contents under pressure.

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SOMETIMES THE ROAD AHEAD IS PAVED
WITH ANYTHING BUT GOOD INTENTIONS.



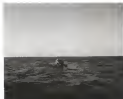
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*After dealer has a copy of the vehicle warranty. Excludes all powertrain and drivetrain.

Esquire

AL⁰NE



Faced with death, with peril, with the end, we are alone. Survival is an entirely solitary business, whether we are 240 miles up in space or 230 feet below the surface of the ocean or adrift and abandoned atop the life-giving Gulf Stream or, maybe most of all, astride a saddle, seven years past the presumed date of our death, accomplishing a feat of endurance never done before, never to be done again. **Alone we survive. Alone we triumph.**

Thirteen years ago,
off the coast of New
Jersey, a diver
found a sunken

World War II
U-boat 230
feet down,
where no
wreck was
known to be.
Other divers,
either very
brave or very
stupid, began
to seek the
secret of her
identity. But
this wreck
was a man-
eater, a real
killer. She
would not give
up her mys-
tery easily.
(BY ROBERT
KORSON)



THE CREW of U-230, as the mystery sub came to be known, after her capture in 1944. Her maiden voyage would be her last. (Robert Korson, near left, and John Chatterton, on the dock, in this New Jersey. Initially adversaries, they would eventually save each other.)



SURVIVAL • 230 FEET DOWN

lapsed at the chance. The names Nagle and Chatterton and Seiler were legends in the area, this was his chance to dive with the best.

Pridden returned from the U-boat discovery trip dramatically changed. He had touched bottom at 230 feet, far deeper than he had ever descended for himself. He was part of a secret group on the lip of history. And he might be the one to identify the wreck.

The Seiler pushed away from the dock in Berlin, New Jersey, around 1:00 a.m. on its journey back to the mystery U-boat. The night was cold and made for sleeping, but everyone stayed awake for this ride. There were thirteen divers on board, each of whom could make two dives, that meant twenty-six dives in which someone had a chance to score a single piece of identification.

Today, someone would be the man.

Six hours later, the Seiler reached its destination. The men geared up. Chatterton would splash first and tie in, then go about his dive. While the other divers attended to park a spot and search for a tug or other piece of identifi-

cation, Chatterton planned to swim the wreck, orienting himself, looking for nothing but impressions. Only when he understood a wreck did he believe he could formulate a plan to approach it. The strategy made it likely that another diver would beat him to the sub's identity, but Chatterton was willing to take the chance. He studied much of his diving on the principle that preparation came first, so he would not just start digging in hopes that he might get lucky. Chatterton swam down the anchor line, yielding was decent, about twenty feet. As he moved the bottom, he could see that the grapple had hooked into a metal mass lying beside the submarine in the sand. Its rectangular shape was unmistakable. This mass was the conning tower, the observation post that was supposed to be atop the submarine. He swam forward a few feet. Now he could see the submarine. It lay in the sand intact but for a gaping hole in its side, perhaps fifteen feet high and thirty feet across. Chatterton understood now. This wound could have resulted only from a catastrophic event. This wound was what had caused the conning tower to fall and collapse in the sand. This submarine had not gone down peacefully.

The hole beckoned Chatterton. He could swim inside and search the area for identification before any of the other divers arrived, but that was not according to plan, so he swam instead to the top of the wreck and then turned left, studying



the boat's topography and making a string of mental notes. As he neared the end of the wreck, he came upon the same torpedo-loading hatch he had seen on the first trip. That hatch, he remembered, had been on the submarine's bow, therefore the hole torn into the boat must be on its port side. A picture of the submarine began coming together in Chatterton's mind. He reversed course and swam the other way. The nearly reached the stern before his dive timer ordered him back to the anchor line for his ascent. The other divers, the first of whom were now descending, would certainly plunge into the hole and start digging.

As Chatterton made his way up the anchor line, the next divers reached the wreck. Skibowski and Pridden got inside

THE U-400 at sea during a training run. The Olympic rings on the conning tower indicate a submarine commanded by a graduate of the naval class of 1936, the year of the Berlin games. Below: the wreck, rendered for Esquire by Mark Summers. The stargers on a dive such as this will go on. It's pitch-black 230 feet down, and in long narrow, deepwater blackout, panic, dizziness, and the loss of the boat—any of these things can kill the best diver. And there were other problems. One day, Chatterton received a call from a man with a thick German accent. "Your bubbles are disturbing millions' slumber," the man said.





RICH KIMMEL, ascending the anchor line after recovering artifacts from the wreck. Below, the most important artifact of all, a knife being given to a crewman named Martin Horneburg. Horneburg's knife would prove to be a decisive clue but not before deepening the mystery of metal tools and causing the divers to question their own sanity.

chide." He dropped down the anchor line to his friend.

Skibinski grabbed Feldman and turned him around. Feldman's regulator fell from his mouth. His eyes were not blinking. Skibinski looked down at his friend's mask, but Feldman just kept staring back like he would see him. A man had to think, goddamnit, please think. Steve. Nothing. Skibinski secured it

through his regulator. "Fack! Fack! Fack! Fack!" while the jungle drums of warlike noises began and he tried to replace the regulator in Feldman's mouth, but that mouth just hung open, which confirmed that Feldman wasn't breathing, and Skibinski screamed. "Oh, fack! Oh, fack!" and Feldman only kept staring at him, and Skibinski's head pounded harder and he breathed harder, which made the muscle on his air supply drop.

Skibinski wrapped his left arm around Feldman. Questions whirled through his brain. Should he refuse Feldman's suit with air and float him to the surface? Can't do that, the heads would kill him. Should he leave Feldman behind and ensure his own safe and controlled decompression? Can't abandon a friend, can't abandon a friend, can't abandon a friend. Only one option remained. He would carry Feldman with him to the surface. Sometimes unconscious divers snapped out of it with a second, but he had definitely heard about that.

Still negatively buoyant, Feldman was laid on Skibinski's arm. Skibinski pulled with all he had, guiding on as he maneuvered himself and his friend up the anchor line. Feldman floated back in the current, arms dangling at his sides, legs slightly apart, eyes staring straight ahead. With each pull, Skibinski grew wetter and suckier nose air. He made it to 170 feet, 160 feet, 140 feet. Then he saw two divers, Kevin Brennan and Doug Roberts, above him coming down. Skibinski released the anchor line for just a moment. Instantly, he and Feldman began to drift away in the current. Skibinski, knowing that he was burning air and could go lost as soon as a matter of seconds, began looking furiously to rejoin the anchor line, clanking against the current until he could no longer maintain a grip on his friend. He let go of Feldman. The limp diver began sliding rapidly, all the while on his back and staring up. His mouth moving open and closed but no bubbles coming out.

Instantly, Roberts belted for the body, but Feldman kept sliding. Roberts knew that by leaving the anchor line and chasing this diver, he could go lost himself. But it was a reaction,

he could not allow another man to drop into the abyss. At around two hundred feet, Roberts thrust out his arm and caught hold of Feldman's harness, but the diver was so heavy that both men continued to plummet toward the seabed. Roberts righted himself and began searching desperately for Feldman's buoyancy compensator or dry-suit inflation valve; if he could pump up one, Feldman's equipment, he might have a way back toward the surface. But Feldman was a mass of equipment, and Roberts could not find any inflation gear under all his stuff. Roberts pruned his own suit full of air, but once that did not arrest the duo's plummet. Both divers hit bottom together. *Paradise began to haunt* inside Roberts. He looked into Feldman's face. He saw no life. He could not see the wreck. He could not see the anchor line. There was only sand in every direction.

We're in the middle of nowhere, he thought. I'm in fucking

nowhere land. I'm lost.

As Roberts sat on the bottom alongside Feldman, a panicked Skibinski regained the anchor line at about 160 feet. His eyes turned glass and he reached toward Brennan, making the clanging-accusatory contact that indicates a diver is out of air. Brennan had seen the look before—this was panic, the same one. Skibinski lunged for Brennan's regulator. Brennan beveled away, he could not allow Skibinski to kill him in both. He reached behind him for his backup regulator and offered it to the dwindling Skibinski. Skibinski took it and started to gulp Brennan's reserve. Brennan began to ascend with Skibinski, passing the live decompression stage at fifty feet, forty feet, all the while thinking, *If Doug's still alive, he's gotta be lost and fucked too. He's alone down there, riding his life to get a guy who's already dead. I have a responsibility to Doug. I gotta go. Doug! Doug!* At around thirty feet, the man passed Skibinski off to another diver and bolted for the bottom to search for Roberts, thereby ending himself as a prime candidate to go lost.

Sitting in the sand with Feldman at the center's bottom, Roberts checked his gauges. He had lost the pressure in his air supply struggling with Feldman. If he stayed much longer, he would make a decompression obligation beyond his remaining air. Feldman's body lay next to him in the sand, mouth and eyes open. Roberts's purplish veins mirrored with his encroaching nervousness; he could now see only directly in front of his life. He thought, *If I don't get out of here first, he'll be two of us dead on the bottom. The anchor line was now here in sight. He would have to swim for the surface, even though it meant that he would likely be blown miles from the Seelye by the time he surfaced. He could only pray that someone topside would see him bobbing on the waves before he went lost in sea and darkness.*

At bottom, ascending, Roberts began to tie a line to Feldman. This way, if anyone found his body, they could find Feldman,

SURVIVAL > 230 FEET DOWN

too. He seemed to wrap the line around Feldman, but his motor didn't seem to start, so he could not make a good line. He tried again. Finally, he secured the line and began his ascent.

Roberts did not know exactly how long he had been on the bottom. He ascended. At a hundred feet, the first light began to sparkle the ocean around him, and he saw a miracle. *Amalago*, in his ascent, he had been blown back onto the Seelye's anchor line, a huge long shot. He tied this nylon rope he had attached to Feldman to the anchor line, then, in a previous decompression stop, Brennan reached his stomach later. The two of them made their way to the surface.

Brennan climbed aboard the Seelye first. Chatterton and Nagle saw him coming up the ladder and figured something was wrong; he had been in the water only a short time.

"There's a problem," Brennan said, pulling off his mask. "Doug's a guy down on the wreck. I think it's Feldman." Chatterton called down Lombardo, a physician who had just to splash, and asked him to stand by Nagle rushed down from the whitehouse. A few moments later, Skibinski climbed the ladder. As he reached the top again, he pulled off his face mask and began sobbing. "He's dead? He's dead?" Then, before anyone could assist him, he pitched forward and fell face first onto the Seelye's wooden deck, a three-foot fall. Chatterton, Nagle, and Lombardo rushed to the smothering diver, believing he might have broken his neck. They moved Skibinski gently, trying to remove his gear. Skibinski could only say, "He's dead? I couldn't breathe! My regulator! He's dead?" Chatterton removed the diver's head. Skibinski was covered in vomit.

"Paul, listen to me," Chatterton said. "Did you do your deed?" "I don't know,"

the man answered me," Chatterton said. "Did you do your deed?"

"Doug's dead?" Skibinski cried before vomiting again.

"Did you do your deed?"

Skibinski managed to nod confirmation that he had decompressed. Roberts surfaced next.

"Feldman's down there? You gotta go get him!" he yelled. Chatterton did not move. He studied Roberts's face.

"Come on, get going!" Roberts yelled at Chatterton. "Feldman is down there!"

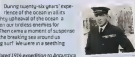
Chatterton noticed blood on Roberts's face. His medic instincts took over. "Let me look in your mask," Chatterton ordered. "This might have killed him."

Nagle tied the mask to the end of Feldman. Roberts called up more blood through his mouth and nose. Someone yelled, "Get a chopper!" Chatterton ascended onto a new level of calm.

[Classic Survival]

models I had not encountered a universe of gnomes. It was a mighty upheaval of the ocean: a thing quite apart from the big unmet canyon seas that had been so far from events for many days. I shouted, "The God's sake, hold on! It's got us!" Then came a moment of suspense that seemed drawn out into hours. While ranged the foam of the breaking sea around us, we felt our boat lifted and flung forward like a cork in breaking surf. We were in a seething chaos of terrified water.

—From *South*, Sir Ernest Shackleton's account of his ill-fated 1914 expedition to Antarctica



He looked deep into Roberts' mouth and nose, the bleeding had stopped. "I think he bled a blood vessel," Chatterbox said. "There's no embolism. Give him oxygen as a precaution. We don't need a chopper."

As he breathed oxygen and settled down, Roberts confirmed that Feldman had been without a regulator for close to three minutes, that he had told Feldman to lie face down, his head and that the reel was now tied to the anchor line at some a hundred feet.

Chatterbox gathered Nagle and Danny Crowell, another crewman. "Before we do anything, we have to get everyone back on the boat and make sure everyone's okay—oxygen, no oxygen, headlamps," Chatterbox said. "Then we have to get the body."

"When getting to go?" Nagle asked.
"Danny and I will go," Chatterbox said. "We're sure. We'll get him."

Crowell nodded. He and Chatterbox figured they would have to wait another two hours before their bodies had off-gassed enough air from their first dives to return safely to the water. Nagle returned to the wheelhouse and locked the door. He had his own decision to make.

Coast Guard divers required both captain to make immediately whenever a diver went missing. But nothing said that a captain had to drop everything to make news of a dead diver. Ordinarily, Nagle or any other captain would have called in Feldman's death straightaway; it was the death thing to do and would expedite the Coast Guard's mandatory investigation. Nagle just stared at his radio. If he called the Coast Guard now, he'd have Chatterbox and Crowell could even attempt to recover Feldman's body, he would be broadcasting the wreck's location to every boat and seaman in a thirty-mile radius, any of whom could use a direction finder to zero in on and reach the wreck site. Worse, he believed that his architect, Steve Beland, of the dive boat *Whisk*, had notes on the Coast Guard if he revealed the location—now or then—it would be just a matter of time before Beland's notes the submarine and also the *Sukler's* story.

Nagle made a plan. He would make the Coast Guard only when the *Sukler* was ready to pull up anchor and head back to shore. Even then, he would give them just an approximate location of the accident. "Why the hell do they need to know exactly where this happened?" he reasoned. "They aren't coming out here one way or the other for a dead guy." He left the wheelhouse without touching the radio.

Two hours after Beland's outburst, Chatterbox and Crowell geared up and went to get Feldman. At around a hundred feet, they found Roberts' face tied to the anchor line. Feldman should be attached to the line at the bottom of the scene. Chatterbox attempted to remove the body. He reached the bottom. Connected to the line were Feldman's mask and snorkel, but no body.

Chatterbox knew what had happened: In the tunnel vision and slowed motor skills of earlocks, Roberts had tied the line to Feldman's head instead of to his harness or snafu. As the current had ambled toward Feldman across the sea, the line had slipped over his head, caught on his mask and snorkel, and came free. Feldman was still somewhere on the ocean bottom. Chatterbox and Crowell, however, were out of time and could not continue to search for him. They returned to the boat and gathered the other divers.

"Listen," Chatterbox said. "We got a go down and try to find

that guy. He was negatively buoyant, so we know he's not floating on the surface somewhere. He's on the sand, and he's off the wreck. I don't know that we can find him, but we gotta look."

Chatterbox asked for volunteers. It was no small request. The day was getting late, and everyone's nerves were about as tight as a piano wire.

And no one could help Feldman anyway. Many divers still had two or three hours of off-gassing left and could not get back into the water before dark. Nagle was in no physical condition to dive. That left just four or five candidates. Roberts shook his head.

"The guy's already dead," he told Chatterbox. "I'm not getting back or going out to help a dead guy. I already started drowned from Stolz's panic, and I cut my chest apart. The current is whipping me. There's nothing I can do for the guy. I'm not risking my life."

Chatterbox would not risk sending Roberts back into the water. Stolz was an emotional wreck. John Hildebrand and Mark McMahon stepped forward. They would go. Hildebrand would be fine; he was the only diver who had not yet been in the water. If necessary, McMahon would follow.

At the bottom, Hildebrand attached a scrubie to the anchor line. Visibility was perhaps forty feet. The current bladed past his face. He pulled out some line. He walked on one and counted the ocean floor in every direction he was close. The bloody green of the water grew more serene with each pass. He found broken pieces of wood but nothing else.

McMahon was next. He had his penmanship like to the top of the wreck, then looked up slowly, allowing his eye to escape from his reel, never taking his eyes off the wreck. When the line went taut, he began sweeping, lowering on feet above the ocean bottom to broaden his perspective. Nothing. He let out another twenty-five feet and began drifting backward. The wreck flicked into view shadows, then disappeared once, whenever he looked, McMahon saw only dirty green water, sideways white perforations, and his own scribbles while white line stretching over the darkness. But no body. Narcosis began to peak in his head. He let out another twenty-five feet. A crab popped out of the sand and spoke to him.

"Keep coming, Mark," the crab said. "Keep coming, man." McMahon was startled, but he was also enthralled. He stopped sweeping and looked closer. Micro crits popped out of the sand. They all waved their claws to him. Each of them spoke perfect English. "Over here, Mark, over here," they said. "Keep coming."

McMahon wondered if he should follow the crits out to sea. He took a deep breath. He started talking to himself. "I got to get outta here," he said. "Crits are talking to me. When a crab talks, it's time to go home."

On board, McMahon told the divers that he was back, came up empty. By now, Feldman could have drifted five miles from the boat. Dark was approaching. It was a terrible thing to leave a diver behind, and it would be crushing for his family, but Chatterbox and Nagle had reached their limit. "Someone is gonna get killed if we keep looking," Chatterbox said. He and Nagle agreed to pull up anchor and head back to shore.

In the wheelchair, Nagle noticed the Coast Guard and reported a dead diver. It was 6:00 P.M., 60 hours since he had first heard that Feldman had died. When the Coast Guard officer asked why he had not called sooner, Nagle told him he had been busy getting divers out of the water and then en-

gaging five splinterwater searches. When he asked him for the accident location, Nagle gave him rough coordinates, within a few square miles of the site, that would keep him jumping away from what rightfully belonged to the *Sukler*.

The Coast Guard officer ordered Nagle to Manzanita, New Jersey, where he said he would meet the *Sukler* in the pier. The five-hour rule was quiet. Some divers went to consult Stolz, assuming that he had done everything possible for his friend. Many speculated about what caused the accident, the consensus being that Feldman had succumbed to deeper black-out, a rare unconscious condition of addiction, exacerbated that affected divers for reasons science still did not understand.

The *Sukler* arrived at the U.S. Coast Guard station in Manzanita about 10:00 a.m. Each man aboard the boat was taken inside and asked to write an account of the incident, then was released. Driving back that night, Stolz told thought back to a conversation he'd had with Feldman over dinner the night before. They had been discussing the trip—who was going, what they might find, the submarine's identity, and especially how happy they were for the opportunity. Out of nowhere, Feldman had said, "I'll never do. I want to die diving, because I love it so much." Now, meeting him, Stolz's mind reached to his wallet for a phone number. At an instant moment he called Feldman's close friend Ruddy and told him the bad news.

Most of the divers called wives and girlfriends from the deck and told them about Feldman. They did so to let the women know they were okay and because they needed someone aside when they got home.

Brennan returned from the disastrous trip after midnight. After his girlfriend went to sleep, he called Richie Kahley, a friend who had a reputation as a tale-to-gossamer wreck diver. Both of the men were originally from Brooklyn.

"Babe, man, it's Russia. Something terrible happened," Brennan roared. So Kevin, who was on the boat, recognized it. "What time is it, Kevin?"

"You know Feldman?"

"Who is he?"

"His dead."

"What happened?"

"He's partner. He's fucking dead. Oh, man, Richie..."

"Kevin, what happened? The dive and what happened?"

Brennan could choke out only the most basic details. "I gotta go, Richie. I'll call you tomorrow and tell you the whole story."

Kahley hung up the phone. He felt bad for the dead diver.

(Classic Survival)

After the accident, to focus and keep his cool, Chatterbox held his hand on the collective and mainly think about the saw. The radar altimeter read forty feet. Seconds passed.

The altimeter still read forty. This can't be, he said to himself. I'm putting this helicopter up at full power. We should be going straight up. Then it hit him.

They were going straight up, but below them, the wave was rising at the same speed. Well, Lord. Ted Leffert's thoughts: I'm going to miss you. Now, Lord, do I have to go out being cold and wet? You know how I hate cold and wet.

—From the forthcoming book *The Last Run*, by Todd Lawton, about five fishermen forced to abandon ship in the Gulf of Alaska and the three helicopter rescues that lasted 340-mile-per-hour winds to rescue them

Survival > 230 FEET DOWN

but he had just as thought as he climbed into bed, and that thought hung over him until morning. He had to replace Feldman on the next trip.

Brennan called back the next day and told Kahley the whole story. At the end, Kahley spoke frankly: the man was right, not wrong. Brooklyn divers with each other. "Nagle, you got to go on as the next trip."

Brennan picked Kahley that afternoon. To Nagle, the idea seemed perfect. Kahley was smart, tough, and calm, one of the best wreck divers on the eastern seaboard. He had topped *Whisk's* World War II history and knew German loss and artifacts. He was at home in deep-sea water. And he would not go and get himself killed—the last thing Nagle needed after the Feldman accident. Ordinarily, Kahley would have been included from the start of the expedition, but there was a snag. First, Chatterbox disliked Kahley, not just personally but for what he represented. Kahley was a member of the infamous Atlantic Wreck Divers, a hardcore dive gang that wore scuffed shells and creases, pushed seawater out of their jackets and raised hell on the boats they chartered. They were fearless and first-rate wreck divers—Chatterbox would give them that—but he despised their overriding love for treasure, a collective intention to take every last piece of crap from a wreck until their greedy bags bloated with artifacts. None of them seemed to Chatterbox to live diving for knowledge or exploration or for what the sport might reveal to a man about himself. They wanted shit and lots of it, period.

If Kahley's membership in Atlantic Wreck Divers was his only failing, Chatterbox could have forgiven that. He devoted his life with a few of the gang's members and liked those men personally. But Kahley had committed a far graver sin, maybe the worst sin, and it was this black mark that lingered with Chatterbox. Two years earlier, Kahley and others had tramped up Steve Beland's as a mission to steal artifacts from the third-class dining room on the *Andrea Doria*, which Chatterbox and the *Sukler* had already sailed a slane to.

The plan failed, and that had passed, so Nagle could forgive Kahley. This was a commercial business, diving ships were paid to find and recover. But he was not allowed to know over Kahley, in the interim, had had a nasty fight with Beland and had sworn off the King of the Deep forever. To Nagle, Kahley seemed the only natural choice as Feldman's replacement.

Chatterbox was another matter. [Continued on page 126]

Ted Leffert was trying to be loose but steady, trying to hold his breath and not think about anything but the water.

The radar altimeter read forty feet. Seconds passed.

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—From the forthcoming book *The Last Run*, by Todd Lawton, about five fishermen forced to abandon ship in the Gulf of Alaska and the three helicopter rescues that lasted 340-mile-per-hour winds to rescue them

HOME

In February 2003, after the explosion of the shuttle *Columbia*, two American astronauts aboard the International Space Station suddenly found themselves with no ride home. And things got worse from there.
(BY CHRIS JONES)



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: Budarin, Sourensis, and Perot pose for their family portrait shortly after arriving at the space station in November 2002. Above: Perot aims his camera during a space walk in January 2003. Opposite, says Budarin, "you feel every once in a while like you're being."



HE COFFEE, HE THINKS. THE COFFEE'S A CONCERN. ¶ Only one hundred single-serving pouches of instant were allotted for him on Expedition Six, stowed in the galley in a metal drawer with a black net stretched over its mouth to make sure the pouches wouldn't float away. But for all the care in the universe, it's been more than two months since the shuttle Endeavour delivered him and his coffee to the International Space Station, and there aren't one hundred pouches in that drawer anymore. ¶ Looking out his window at the orbital sunrise, Donald Pettit, the mission's science officer, finishes taking mental stock of the supply and decides, *Jeez, this is the sort of morning coffee was made for. He puts on his glasses, pulls*

himself out of the sleeping bag that he's anchored to the wall, pushes his way out of his private quarters—about the size of a phone booth, in *Deorbit* the last link in the station's chain of modules—and finds his center of gravity with it. He gropes himself in clean, practiced movements. He's a recliner who's found his axis, toward the other end of the station, a couple of modules and a field less than 100 feet away. There, his command or, Captain Kenneth Bowersox, and the Russian flight engineer, Nikolai Budarin, lie repped away, still asleep. Pettit opens the metal drawer and takes out a pouch, a coffee bag with powder packed hard into the bottom of it. He fills it with hot water that was once his breakfast and begins hunting for a straw.

Everything is always tilted through a straw. Except that Pete has learned to squeeze his coffee out of the straw in five perfect sips, which bring suspense and relief in the weightlessness, waiting for him to bite down on the tip of it, if it's fishing playful, to pinch them between chopsticks and pop them into his mouth. He does that because he can go down, and he can't down them. That's all the reason he's ever needed.

On this morning, though, he just finds a straw and a hole Russian went on to and heads back to his sleeping bag. It's an easy Saturday, the first of February. That's one house-

cleaning to do—the crew's well-worn routine dictates that they'll spend this weekend uncluttering things, wringing down hundreds with antibiotic solutions, even sipping up the occasional coffee splinter that, perfect even that just away, that there's no story. True is the single thing they aren't wanting one of. They're still a month away from home.

Pettit takes a dip and watches the sun rise for the second time. It comes and goes every forty-five minutes, good for sixteen down and sixteen up. A day. Down after two weeks in space. It's the sort of thought that drives you close to the window. There are the vapor trails, too, laid on top of the United States each day like a quilt. New York to Los Angeles, Boston to San Francisco, they're Pettit's way of catching a glimpse of home even when it's obscured in storms. But today the horizon is clear and the sun is bright, so bright that he won't notice the fagot of white smoke in the wide Texas sky.

Each Saturday, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, Bowersox meets time—on his time, the official time zone of the station—there's a ground conference with Houston to plan the upcoming work. Usually, the voice coming out of the radio talks the crew what they already know, and they just agreed, yammering, keeping their ears half open for news or drama. This time is different. This time, the voice tells Repetition Six so steady by

DORM LIFE: Bowersox in the Zvezda living module and Pettit in the Unity bag of gear, with hard hats and other supplies strapped to the bulkhead. Pettit, with his safety harness, is seated, sitting with an air sampler in the cargo net.

Inside Mission Control, where the space station's orbit is tracked in a giant screen at the heart of its main and auxiliary control consoles labeled ITN, ISS, ISS, ISS, ISS, ISS, and a dozen other things, a debate is unfolding. No one is sure how to tell the crew that Columbia, a shuttle that Bowersox has twice piloted, just came apart in the thin blue-green envelope beneath it. No one is sure how to tell them that seven friends—including Tim Blanton, who only a few days

earlier told Bowersox that he'd give his three children a bag for him, and Willie McCool, with whom Pettit had been playing e-mail chess—are probably gone, too.

Jefferson Howell, a retired airline lieutenant general and the plaza-point director of the Johnson Space Center, with the delta wave he's down at the radio, confirms his words, and becomes his voice off a satellite into the space station's dry, cylindrical air.

"I have some bad news," Howell says, and because it's Howell who's delivering it, Pettit and Bowersox know exactly how bad before he gets it out: "We've lost the vehicle."

Next words: That's all. Everything else is left unspoken, and in the quiet, the blacks are left for each of them to fill on his own. In the way the parents of missing children hang on to the faintest hope that their loved ones are just lost, not lost for good, Pettit and Bowersox wonder whether any of Columbia's evacuation systems triggered, and whether any of their friends are floating down to a lifeless earth under parachutes.

Discovery of the crew's situation and instant on the ground later in the afternoon will push inside that best hope for survivors. The station will still be out there.

Every so often on station, you're allowed to call home on the satellite phone, or closed channel, with the tape recorders running off. These conversations keep you grounded. When you're home—when it's time for her to get the groceries or for the kids to go to soccer practice—you have to leave a message on the machine. "Big, honey, it's me, in space." Sometimes those messages are saved and listened to in the still of the night, again and again. Nowadays, these messages are almost always saved, because he's never known when they might become his last. It's all right.

In fact, you find family too freely caught up. You're learned already, over the course of your isolation, that having been dropped into the waters of Cold Lake, Alberta, and left stranded in the woods, that the overriding attraction of life on earth—the messages left on machines, but also the smiles and winks from school buses and the notes left on bridges and yellow—see the things you need to carry. You make notes for them in your memory's permanent collection, just as you learn

survival • 240 MILES UP

to forget about the things that maybe you used to keep too close: who's on TV tonight, who's going to win the American League West. We come to understand that true order of things, because you know how the universe works. Some astronauts become the first men to walk on the moon, and others burn to death sitting on the launch pad, or seventy-three seconds after leaving it, or seven minutes from returning to it.

And sometimes you're so long a month away from home—you're suddenly back in the world, you're suddenly really home, because the order are magnificent. There are times when the space station orbits the earth less than 240 miles above its surface, there are moments when Dallas is further away from Houston than you are.

What matters, what separates you from home, is that the After Columbia mission's arrival is piped in from the ground—after you hear President Bush say, "Their mission was almost complete, and we're looking to close to home," and you can't help thinking that they weren't very close at all—you're the ship's bell, mounted on a bracket in Deorbit, seven times for seven astronauts. The ringing will be coming in your ears, each of you finds a corner in which to try to come out the other side of your grief. A few of the things you usually do are left unspoken. In the morning, you're not coming back to work in. You remember Challenger's almost twenty-year absence, and you know, in your heart, that you can't be so far away from home.

You tell Mission Control that you're all right, that you've trained a lifetime for this, that you can hold on to your memories for another year. Maybe longer if you have to. Part of you might even believe it.

The muscles in the legs always go first. On earth, they're kept working by fighting off gravity just enough to push out of bed. Without gravity, they begin to atrophy, and the body begins emptying out like another pillow drawer. At the moment, Columbia comes again, Expedition Six has a month of experiments to do in cosmic time, at that moment, however, the crew is in the station in orbit in 160 days, and other year in space work see Bowersox and Pettit enjoying even the Russian records for being away.

Expedition Six has been the second half of science in space. The first in programmatic science—studies that have been planned sometimes for years, experiments in fluid dynamics or crystal growth or protein production. The second, what Pettit, Bowersox, and Budarin are now, is *science*—the moment of accident.

None of them is a stranger to it. Pettit in particular fills his free time by operating random down in their sleep of his imagination. When he gets too good at pushing back his coffee with chopsticks, he takes a splash of water and blows on it, and it's as if he's seen that same pattern, right now. (That that late on water, turns out.) Or he begins to wonder that same splash with a sponge, and expects water lands that soft and watches the water bounce around inside his ear if it becomes white again, winning some small battle between mass and velocity. "Steadily-moving science," Bowersox calls it.

Mostly, though, they live themselves in their routine sleep. Bowersox takes over most of the by-the-book work, leaving



an ugly or whenever he needs a boost. He tends the plants, makes sure the crystals don't collapse on themselves, maintains the instruments. It's his job, and close to a full-time one, to keep the station in orbit.

Perini, with his official workday dominating, conducts symphonies of his trip: perform up here and begin to retire. A broken comes off his \$3,000 NASA-issued wristwatch, and when he finds it wedged in a ventilation two weeks later, he decides to put it back in its place. The public has watch's gaze out, makes them to his workable with double-sided tape, and finds a way to make them whole again—because Perini believes everything can be fixed in time. Everything can be built to last.

He jogs on the treadmill and pedals the exercise bike for two hours each day, trying to move off the inertia's decay. To keep the rest of themselves going, he, Bowersox, and Redfern make a point of having dinner together, of blowing a Russian record while they heat up their chicken fajitas—tortillas are

good because they don't leave crumbs floating behind—Where their food pouches and containers onto their foldout table, back their legs around the restraint bars underneath it, and sit down to eat. He they did on earth. But the family they have become. Hey, honey, I'm home, in space.

There are those who dream of falling into those who dream of flying. Bowersox always dreamed of flying. He never knew why, he just knew that if he dropped his arms hard enough, he'd fall off the ground and glide over rooftops. It was in him and he went with it. Bowersox joined the Navy, became a fighter pilot, was assigned to Attack Squadron 32, logged more than three hundred armed landings in A-1Hs on the carrier USS *Intrepid*, and finally became a test pilot at Chino Lake, pushing F/A-18s to the limit. In 1997, he was selected by NASA as an astronaut-candidate, underwent a year of training and evaluation, lost his finger (he, and after a five-year wait, he earned his first zero-gravity trip. Now, with Expedition 26,

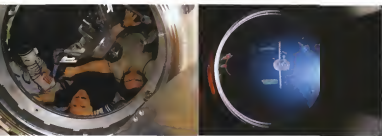
and at forty-five years of age, built low to the ground and hard to tip over, but's gone into space five times—the record is seven—but even all those flights haven't put a rest to his dreaming. The only difference is now he doesn't have to flap his arms. All he needs to do is give a little kick and he can look down on deepeners.

Redfern operates on a different level. By schooling, he's a chemical engineer, and with his affinity for cargo planes and his personal bedhead, he looks it. But by inclination, he's an engineer only more of science than of space. Fresh out of graduate school at the University of Arizona in 1974, he landed a job at the Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico. His project *Alamos* was soon filled with things like the "atmospheric spectroscopy measurements on nucleic acid double helixes from sounding rocket payloads, volcanic fumarole gas sampling in active volcanoes, and problems in detection physics applied to weapons systems."

BY THE "LIFERATT" from now, left, and Ellison aboard a makeshift of the cramped Soyuz in which they returned to earth. Despite all the survivors, the capsule separation is automatic, with no pilot over the available. But it does carry a blood off shotgun under the seat.

He also filled up his garage after driving through a blossomed night to an auction of surplus gear at the lab and finding himself alone in the seats. He bought everything he could stuff into his junky pickup, jury-rigged the power in his house to accept three-phase tools, and learned how to make liquid oxygen from scratch. NASA bought him onboard in 1996, not long after he'd turned forty-one (but before he managed to blow himself up and run a good chunk of the southwest into darkness).

He has since become a legend at Los Alamos, tapped by his fellow astronauts to be the first man on Mars. The secret room-



LEAVING Bowersox and Pettit enter the Soyuz capsule, destined for the station before their return. At left, the Soyuz pulls away—the beginning of a nearly catastrophic descent

Looking at the electric wire that are Montreal or Tokyo or Washington, D.C., you can pick out the airports you've flown into and the streets you know and the bunch you've stayed in, and you can remember if the chains were hot or whether you're a good meal there. In the end, if you close your eyes, you can even see your driveway, and you can feel yourself sailing into it, throwing your junky golfing into park and walking up to the front door, your shoes scuffing on the rug, your hand guided by the warm light spilling out the windows to the door.

Yes, have people waiting for you there.

All sorts of big days have come and gone. Birthdays, anniversaries, school concerts pass you by, even though you try to keep up. At Christmas, you make a cake with no icing. New Year's is harder to get a handle on, there are no crowds or fireworks, no clock strikes midnight.

Before you, SARE broke out in Asia, Ekas took Short in formal wear in Utah, the U.S. invaded Iraq, March makes way for April. Now it's Opening Day. Who's going to win the American League West? It's just one more state of motion down and done a day, just one more in an endless string of orbits.

Every so often, one of those orbits passes right over home, and your kids, because they're almost old enough to know what you know about the universe, wait on the front lawn to catch a glimpse of Dad. If the timing is right—if it's dark but the night is young enough for the sun to have dropped just below the horizon, just reflecting its rays off the space station solar panels—they can see their dad's spot as a small, steady white light coming up over the trees. They'll follow that light with their eyes as long as it takes it to cross the starry sky, or a watch's, precalculated path that'll be carrying it over Australia in less than forty-five minutes.

One of your boys, the youngest, always chases the light, rolling off down the street, hoping to cover enough ground, enough of the curve of the earth, to even come one more second in your line of sight. And always the light disappears.

In the six years that it will take to finish stitching together the International Space Station, NASA has calculated, my single astronaut working outside its confines, connecting new modules or making repairs, will have a 1-in-400 chance

of being struck by dust or a string of hidden-down satellite. If he isn't killed by the impact, there's a greater-than-5-in-100 chance that the integrity of his space suit will be compromised and his blood will boil him to death.

Along with Opening Day, April has brought a sudden, more pressing problem: the need to go outside. A thermal cover that protects the ammonia-filled fluid radiator that helps the radiator systems cool things down—a "Swiss" in microcosm (it actually has worked before, with a 400 degrees swing in temperature between the sun and the shade, it needs to be put back together to limit the risk of overheating, rupture, and eventual combustion. This house is life.

Being the sort who pours himself into the job, Bowersox has been looking forward to the station. They walked in space once before, in January, and Bowersox hadn't wanted it to end—even after a almost didn't begin. After spending six hours sweating in the hot space, water-cooled long underwear, and three-headed-geared space suit, he'd struggled to open the goddamn hatch that would let him out. It had sagged on something—a piece of fabric from a bag that had come out of a pile, the sort of thing that on earth you'd just pick like that bag in space can become a catchall—and made him panic into antihelix. There, when he thought he was going to break the hatch and send their home into a vacuum, asked if he might take a swing at it. The hatch resisted like the tug the drive-side door on a pickup during dog days, it was screeched, and he found his teeth, and the hatch opened. The door tumbled concerning Bowersox and Pettit to each other was all they drew from a good, strong pull like earth. And now here they are, starting into the pitch-black night.

A fifty-five-foot length of steel cable is spooled near the hatch, a safety line and a leash all at once. Bowersox untucks himself from the cloth outer and onto the cable. Next, he takes a breath, uses a handrail for leverage, swings his legs out into the emptiness, and looks down between his feet at the earth. The five feet himself steel cable never quite ties him to any of his worlds, and, in truth, to no other.

For the first time in months, Bowersox lets himself stand on that. He turns off the automatic pilot, and he takes it all in. There's my feet. There's the earth. There's my feet, there's the earth, and there's a long way in between. That's all the pause he gives himself, because there's work to be done.

Bowersox and Pettit have topped up their batteries and made certain that their nitrogen-charged backpacks will fire if they need to move in a hurry, then one shot at returning to station if they lose their grip, they've run the indifference out of their blood and again checked every rubber seal that separates them from the frigid, empty air they've bared their gold-plated polycarbonate visors with settling solutions, but not so much that it might make

into the shop or shovel the driveway. They're never rushed. They're never late.

They've come to trust each other in ways they've never known before, the sort of unspoken trust that comes with the knowledge that one of you could take a hammer to a window and in fifteen seconds, the station and everything inside of it would pass into history. Once they found that, just about everything they felt into on one best place. Their lives are a struggle kind of perfect, useless and severe. Every day breathes with the promise of peace, and with the exception of one Saturday in February, that promise is large.

By March, approaching the start of month five in orbit, most of Expedition 10's to-do list has been exhausted. It's one of those rare, beautiful periods in his life when Pettit really has few demands on his time and nowhere else to go. So when he finishes building a geospace net of portable computer players to hold his *Starlight* for him—because he can't go up here and he can't down there—he starts taking pictures, more than twenty-five thousand in all. First, he aims his over-the-counter Nikon at earth, waits for night to begin washing in very around the planet, and captures the physics of twilight, the strange hazy green that fills out the evening sky in thick, rolling waves. Then, after darkness has fallen, he looks for landmarks among the power grids and river bends, and he takes pictures of home.

At first, he uses the speed he's traveling so much faster than the snap of his camera's shutter. Pettit's pictures turn into two weeks of white light, like the headlights in a time-lapse photo of a busy street. He takes clearer pictures when he tries to hold open the shutter and shift his shoulders in the opposite direction of his shot, but even his best efforts turn out blurry, he knows he's looking at New York City, but he can't make out the black rectangle of Flightless Central Park or the angle built in the harbor that is the Statue of Liberty.

Not good enough. Pettit being Pettit, he puts together a makeshift, retrofitting of a pair of small BMX camera mount, a spare bolt, and a cordless Makita drill. Pressing the drill's trigger leads him across the perfect rotation to take pictures sharp enough to make the miles meaningless all over again.

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He drew the thought of his freezing feet, and nose, and cheeks, but of that of touch, and when he saw his fingers on each side the hand, he clasped them—there, he wanted to close them, for the wires were down, and the fingers did not obey.

—From Jack London's short story "To Build a Fire"



Seven years
ago, he was a dead
man. Today,
he prepares to win
his sixth
consecutive Tour
de France,
something no man
has done.
If he pulls this
off, he will have
staked his

L

claim as the
greatest
athlete of all time.
Here, an
unprecedented
view of Lance
Armstrong as he
prepares for
the impossible.
Photographs
by Christopher
Anderson





The Rider These are the legs that have won the Tour de France five times. I took this picture just as Armstrong stepped off the bike after a five-hour ride in the Hollywood Hills, a ride with plenty of climbs. "You'll see the pain," he had said. The first part of his training rides involved making his way through West Hollywood to reach the hills. After I took the picture, he pulled up alongside the car and made a joke about how people were really going to think he is soft, training in Beverly Hills. Although the route he mapped was to take him to the mountains ("I'm a map fanatic," he says), it required a stretch of Sunset Boulevard. He was alone on his bike. He could have been anyone out for a morning ride. There was no computer, no wires taped to his body, no machines spitting out data on heart rate or lung capacity, no teammates, no entourage. Just a guy and his bike going for quite a long ride.





The Climb

I was hanging out of the passenger window of a car as we wound our way up the hills above Hollywood. In his five Tour wins, he's been known to pass riders going uphill as if he were going down. The trainer driving the car yelled to him that he was doing twenty miles per hour on the uphill. "I had to touch my brakes on that last curve!" Lance yelled back. A friend joined him during the ride. A former semi-pro rider who is still in top shape, he nonetheless found Armstrong's pace punishing and spent part of the ride hanging on to the car to keep up. "This is my Tour de France," the friend said halfway through. "I'm falling apart like a Chinese motorcycle."



The Celebrity This kind of attention now makes a significant claim on Armstrong's time. His profile long ago transcended the bike, but now that he's going for number six, it's increased by a factor of six. Whether Armstrong is signing autographs at the Tour de Georgia, shooting a car commercial, or climbing down from his bike after a ride to pose for the cover of *Esquire*, his routines have most certainly been affected by his fame. It was a Subaru commercial, a fairly sophisticated affair with a huge crew, stylist, wardrobe, the whole bit. I expected him to be annoyed by all the fuss, but instead he was very easygoing. He made jokes with the crew. You could even say that he was a bit of a ham. The magazine cover was shot at his girlfriend Sheryl Crow's house. He had just stepped off the bike from the morning ride, but the California air had dried the sweat from his body, so a photo editor was spritzing him with water. When he was asked to remove his shirt for a picture, Lance took a moment to regard himself. I guess if you put in the training that Lance does, you're allowed a little vanity. He turned and asked, "Got any sage? Because I'm ripped."





The Calm Before the Storm

In a normal year, he would have been in Europe for months by the time these pictures were taken, but much has changed in his life this year. A desire to spend time with his children and his girlfriend and ride in the Tour de Georgia kept him in the United States longer than usual. On this day, Crou had just returned to Los Angeles, and I was hesitant to make pictures including her, so as not to impose on their time together. I was shooting him when she stepped into the pool, and so I made this picture in sort of an obvious way, giving her the opportunity to say no. "Go ahead, it's okay," she said. Afternoons, Lance has massage and chiropractic work, today for three hours. He was in a deep meditative state for much of it, but then he was talkative. We chatted about photography (he was interested in a Diane Arbus exhibit at the L. A. County Museum of Art), Iraq, Texas (we are both from there), and one of his mechanics, who had hit on my girlfriend during last year's Tour while I was photographing one of his teammates. (He thought this was quite funny.) He sent a couple of e-mails on his BlackBerry and called his mom. "I'm a good son," he said. ■



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PULLED DOWN
In the Atlantic Ocean about 50 miles off the tip of Florida coast, the author sailed with a six-foot inflatable life raft as his new home, the author sea out on his quest to ride the Gulf Stream.





MATT'S BEFORE DEPARTURE McManis and Zeno out One afternoon's long day later, he would discover this truth: "Time may wait for no man, but it breaks for rafters."

VERY CAREFULLY, AND VERY PROFESSIONALLY, that's the way to abandon ship, but even though I have all day, fair weather, a crew to help me, and a ship that doesn't really require abandoning, as soon as we begin to launch the raft, things rapidly spiral out of control, as in a real disaster. First there's some debate about whether the raft stays in its blue canvas bag. There are photographs on the bag, the sort of universal language you'd send out on a space probe, but nothing per se on the in-the-bag-or-out issue. Good thing we take it out or it probably would've sunk-or exploded! Then Scott Harrington, captain of the fifty-three-foot Fish Hunter, and I leave

the heavy, compressed block of canvas over the innards. Young Muscoff, the co-captain, it takes to yank the inflatable cord, there's a jitter in the COO center goes, a puff of mist, and then the raft dips this dramatically slanted Transformer thing—"Buckin' good!" Muscoff says—and it is suddenly there, upside down, on the bounding nose, a portmanteau slab of black plastic fabric stretched between jettisons and quivering against the sea like the jilly between luncheon strategies.

Immediately I'm awash with the haul sort of adrenaline, the light-or-flight type, pulse rate escalating. It's nothing like the raft I had in mind when I thought "raft." It's not Black and Tan as the Miami's kicked back on something stable and comradely, smoking pipes and watching the world drift by. It's over like an inflexible bubble pop. It's hard to believe I'm about to take a for a year on one of the world's fastest ocean currents, the Gulf Stream. By doing so, I hope to explore the sublimity

only genuine through the lens of the suddenly only sorry Muscoff, who is slippy and agile, leaps into the raft to right it (as pictured on bag). As the raft comes over, dunking Muscoff, two smaller upright persons catch the wind, sailing lights across half dome like on a baby carriage. Captain four hauls to us the inflator rope and Muscoff springs out. "You going to be sick in there, man?" he says.

That's what everybody has been saying the past two days while I've hung out in Miami, waiting for the word to lay down. I mean specifically the guys at Sea Tow Services International, proprietors of the Fish Hunter and experts in marine salvage and every other angling business. "Even the guys who never get sick are sick in these rafts," they all add with characterly raised eyebrows and disbelieving laughter at the idea of voluntarily submitting to that world of hell.

As far as I can do, I chose dental, pretty effective right up to the present moment. I'm on hands and knees on the latching deck of the real boat, leaning out to test open a sturdy plastic shelf tied to the aft poston, the raft's guts. It's full of survival stuff—French survival stuff, to go by the labels—including the sea anchor, a parawindable stabilizer tied to a hundred feet of rubber-bonded stripping, which, immediately upon release, floats under the Fish Hunter and entangles the prop—hey, Muscoff!—and all of a sudden it's getting lost of late and the weather doesn't look all that great, either.

On second thought, I open closer examination of the bag. Good thing, my head, my raft identity is because I'm, an escaped inmate from France with a harmless compulsion to live boats. But I have already clambered down onto the non-slippery surface of the raft floor, and captain assistants are passing me my considerable supplies: emergency communications and rescue devices, changes of clothes, water for a week, food for the rest of my life. And by the rising water gaps, everything topples, rolls, slides in a jumbled pile to the depression in the middle of the floor around my stunk feet. Ropes, slugs, strings, packets—just—there has to be a haul in here somewhere. The Fish Hunter rises as a swell, the raft drops down into the trough, down into the Fish Hunter, up-broke the raft. And in, as that narrow harbor, politely bowing to each other, the two crafts begin to drift apart. I'm wobbling, bobbing with the waves, when I see the raft's instruction manual floating among the debris of heavy gear.

"Shades were going good," it reads. "It was how-haw-haw!" Miles off. I can only miles out to sea off the southern tip of Florida, on the far eastern edge of the Gulf Stream, in a rising wind, in a violently rising raft. I feel a couple of dangling electrodes and connect them, which turns on the little red strobe atop the dome. They're open for business, ya begonia of the sea. Already it's dropping dark, the sharking hour: in a very little while, it will be dark.

Off my starboard bow, as seaward, where the horizon still glows green with the lights of the south-Florida megapole (jones at fifty miles), there's a order ship lit up like Christmas. It's already dark, but a wanderer I'm amble in the middle of ruler-slippery seas with a couple of birds up peddle that would at most propel me in a tight, loose circle. In my jittery jitters, I'm awash being rudely awakened by the paw of a creature ship—Abog!—then blantly thumped, groped with unspeakable force, and finally chucked up by the crew. Raw superstitious captain, too, fear of nocturnal and

SURVIVAL • 50 MILES OUT

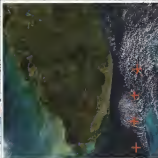
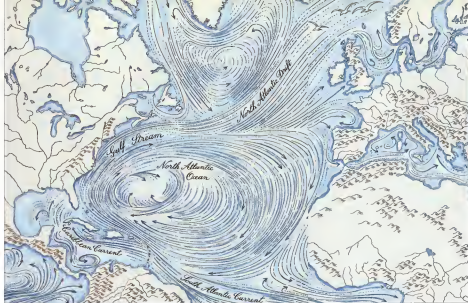
of discovering holes in the fabric of my soul. Of Bermuda Triangle types of doorknobs to other dimensions, the death The Atlantic Ocean at night, in a raft, man. Fortunately, reality is greener less frightening, being more reliably real.

The reality is this: The raft rides a little rough in these two-to-four-foot seas. It slips no blows. It meets every wave head-on and surmounts like an accordion. Bigger up at the raft's. Stretches out lengthwise as if to resist the wave and then passes it out under the shuddering aft poston like a door-kick fort. For sheer variety of motion, it's the most ride at the fall. I've given up bailing for the time being and so far have expressed my gear mostly by repeatedly kicking it as far to the front of the raft as its varying properties allow.

On the plus side, the raft points reliably into the wind, thanks to the sea anchor. I think. And I've had no sea up my sleeve all along. I'm not in the raft, I'm on a—produced cable-kick on the leeward rail, left hand tightly reared in the rope that rings the raft, right arm outstretched far balance like a brasserie rider. "You know? And I'm doing it right. Not a bit tricky yet, thank you. Of course, I'm on "the point"—catastrophic speculation—and it's facing me up like a horse rearing off. Sort of centers consciousness about a million feet in the air, so that you're looking at yourself from outside yourself and thinking, "You'll like to ride, but you don't actually speaking back to pain, so what's your problem?" Still, every time I crash through one of the bigger waves, my spiritus rise. Riding out the rough sea is a sport, at least, like white-water rafting a river without raft. Ward's getting a little too frisky, though. Snapping in the tent canvas. Freshening, as they say. This despite a spectacularly clear night, the sky a plethora of stars, glowing planets, blinking satellites, a few wayfaring planes. A poem or a pop song in every eye of them. And me in a spotlight of glowing green, as every existing whitewash creates a world of balustrade, or little green buggers that come up to the surface to lick the stars. For them the weather is perfect.

Better not to look down at those glimmering surfaces. I look a few times over, barely out of mid-thought, back when my brain remembered being a blameworthy. It was about the stars of things. Terribly dry things. Like atoms, only smaller. Things god-a-wholly huge. Like creature ships. Only bigger. A lot bigger! Then I forgot about the riddiculously immense and the astonishingly huge, I rounded things off to the nearest whole integer. I caught the middle way. As I drift up of the beachcomber's watch, rather out for no reason.

But today at sea, I've seen things since Miami's reddest skyscrapers shrink to a delicate gray form on the horizon, all the while thing would fit in a thumbnail ten times over—a world in a grain of sand, or vice versa. As soon as the cityscape faded entirely, about fourteen miles out, it sprang up again, its prescience of vision, apparently—as if a flag all around us, emerging at with an imaginary New Jerusalem, the city beyond the world. But there we were in the Stream, which we know from the blueberry bar and its hint, the Fish Hunter's digital water-compass taking around 70,773, all the way up to 80 degrees. We had hit the main vein of the Western World, the artery to its brain, you might even say, since the northeastern United States and northern Europe are what they are, and where they are, be-



THE OCEAN'S CONVINCE The Gulf Stream, which carries the sun's 100 miles up the coast (above) in just 30 hours, gets its head of steam from the water coming up from the tropics. As it moves farther north, it warms the winds that blow across it, keeping northern Europe's climate mild. Eventually, the water cools and it goes deeper than salt. That causes it to sink and head south, keeping the currents flowing. But global warming could snuff heat on this system. Some scientists fear that as Arctic ice melts and makes the North Atlantic less salty, the Stream won't flow as far north. Time to invest in that igloo down here.

cause of this ocean current and the heat it carries. Shuttled up in a cage to be injected like one of the minko-stard capsules in *Fantastic Voyage*, I'm having a look at this in too big to see.

What? The risk takes me right on the coast. A real energy crumpler. Never saw it coming. *Shut down Jesus Christ!*

This is space travel. Things shattering, going black. Yeah, sure, the sea, now and now and now, but with a Minko's reputation of quick-quick-quick. That's what the Minko's going with the risk me and fell. I'm in a new zone of disengagement. No longer alert. So long as we're not going to capture, then, okay, waves, wind, spray. Not a pink situation. Just billion. Ten past for by the glow of my watch. From hours on the risk and a shell in the air now. Time to layer up. Life jacket on, webbing checked between knees, sweatshirt on, sweatshirt on, brace out, brace on, life jacket looks on, webbing looked forward. Better now.

"Brandy, you're a fine girl." I am.
A million champagne-lime-saltwater. Made it. Come on, make-

o-see! The real night watch now. Everything done that can be done, which is very nearly nothing about anything. Sea, mile, stars. All in one Name One. Nodding off for moments at a time on the risk. How often are separated from risks. I watch the horizon. I watch the sky. Until the stars show down their spars. They really do. The last thing I see is a pair of red eyes hanging toward me from the stars. "The Celestial Couple." I call them, dark-eyed, evil. They're not all catfish-like, but gray like wraiths of light. Kindly somehow. Kind of scary. Mame? Brandy? Or was I already sleeping?

Time to assume the position—first, that is—on the flooded risk floor. Thru the consumer shops, and let the waves crash where they may.

I wake up astonished to have sleep, but alerted at once by a bemused narrative voice. Dude, you're in a suit! I'm shivering. Cold, but not cold cold. I miss, the water I'm lying

in feels worse. I'm kind of waxy myself. But shaking convulsively. Gosh, convulsions. A pleasant sort of hypothermia. Best of all, it's no longer night, it's not exactly dawn, and the wind has thickened appreciatively, too. Sea still chuck the risk under its chin, but, and, and, and, and it seems the ocean wants to make nice after last night's squall.

When it's suddenly morning, I climb back up onto the lee portman and look out onto a swirling field of white sea—two to three feet and confused. The sea, I mean. Gosh, some water from the western gale is jag. Watch a few oilskins. I don't have much appetite. More alarming, I have no saliva—severe reticence, another side effect of the behind-the-ear sea-sickness patch. This is a blow. The loss of eating is a pleasurable activity upon a huge hole in my day.

Extra organize my ship. Remove gear off, a few good and six shells in sand swirling across the sky. But it's done. French hand nodders that look like giant firecrackers. O'll love to see

one off, though at the risk of my hands. An aerosol bulbhorn. Whistles. A set phone. Handheld GPS. VHF radio. Coast Guard. KIFER in a James Bond-sque case. Great stuff that would have the casual shipwrecked person off a raft in no time. The paradox is that I'm not in trouble, so I can't be rescued. Or not. I'm in such deep trouble that these things have sought me out, so this situation has done, to make that point?

"Mother! Mother! Have expired and am entangled in a noose again." When I added the guys at Sea Tow if there was no time I should already not forget to bring on the raft, the old old Captain Joe said—no hesitation—"No, a blood!" Guy knows his life or what.

The MRE carton got soaked and fell apart in the night, so I'm phasing blades of plastic wrap of full packets of certain in current spray. My risk of survival is my dream. A sick of orange—Arrogant—ratty—for the scary. All of you water jags to the starboard rail. It's the rope for you. But wait! I can tell it's the sort of task that isn't get the high in me. Besides, how much better off will I be when they're bound? You see? And now for the baking. That's what I've

Ten Tough Bas tards

Whether they're hanging from a Himalayan cliff, battling leeches in the Amazon, or trudging across the Gobi Desert, these twenty-first-century explorers dig deep to expand mankind's limits. To celebrate their heroic spirit, Esquire gave them something warmer than a night on a polar ice cap: the coming fall's most ruggedly comfortable clothes.

Photographs by Paul Smith



Sir Ranulph Fiennes

Age 63 Base camp: for major, England Knows: his. The Guinness Book of World Records describes Ranulph Fiennes, awarded to him Ranulph Fiennes, as "the world's greatest living explorer." He owns numerous expeditionary awards records, including the longest unsupported polar expedition.

In 1982, in which he walked across the Arctic wilderness for ninety-seven days, dragging a five-hundred-pound sled. After having his heart surgery in 2003, Fiennes ran across Antarctica in seven days. On seven continents.

"I don't like heights. I'm going to the north pole of Everest this spring in a campaign to get rid of my phobia. It helps to see a pair of boots above my head and to hear someone talking at me from behind. I've survived through for a long time, though. Back of my head in the Special Forces doing parachute jumps. I used to close my eyes when jumping out of the door, which was against our instructions. You've got to keep your eyes open to see where the other parachuters are to avoid them. I used to keep my eyes closed, though. Let them do all the avoiding."

Scott Lindgren Age: 32 Base camp Auburn, California Known for: In 2008, Lindgren led the first group to descend the Tiangpo River in Tibet, which forms the deepest river gorge in the world. His film footage of his expedition has earned him an Emmy award for cinematography.

"When a lot of people don't realize is that for me, the Tiangpo is one part of a four-part dream. There's a peak in western Tibet called Mount Kailash that sits in a line away from the Himalayas. It spans four of the most powerful rivers in the mountain range, each of them facing one of the four cardinal directions. I've traveled three of the four, and I have one river left, the Indus. One of my biggest objectives in all this is to open people's minds to river travel and the fact that it is a very legitimate form of exploration. In some ways, it's every bit as radical. If not more than anything else that's being done on the planet, hands down." Cashmere-blend coat (\$1,695) by Michael Kors, wool sweater (\$425) by Celine.



Benedict Allen Age: 44 Base camp London Known for: In 1996, Allen tracked across Mongolia's infamous Gobi Desert. He was accompanied by only three camels and covered the entire 10,000-mile journey in just six weeks. Allen then headed to the Amazon basin, where he covered eight six-thousand-square-mile rivers in seven and a half months.

"My approach in traveling has always been to try to live with indigenous people and learn from them. To break the communication barrier, I travel with passports at the right time. It's not because I'm paranoid or anything. It's just that over the years, I've discovered that people understand the signals. So I'm in the Amazon and I come across these Manaus Indians. I was showing the cards and everything was going well. My man on the trip saw a spider monkey named Mono. We sat on my shoulder. So I told to these people, because I had a queen for ages, to them any chance—and this is in sign language, so you sort of have to imagine it—of getting something? Could you make up something in our language, or is it better to my people? I said, 'Yes, for you and Mono, my monkey. I pointed at Mono the monkey.' Time went by and Mono disappeared. Eventually I realized the delicious smell coming from the bush. I thought, 'Mono would like a little bit of this.' And this person started to bring it out, and then was Mono sitting on the plate, fully cooked. It was a tragedy. For Mono especially. And it was well for the fish is how to eat him, but I said, 'I got him, I thought, well, he should have been my pet fish. And they would have certainly eaten him. He was delicious.' Comedy behind (\$1,425) slip from wool cashmere (\$340) and wool trousers (\$240) by Rimeigabla Degma, rubber slip (\$40) by Boss Hugo Boss.

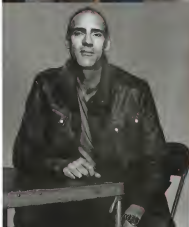


4

Robert Anderson

Age: 40. Base camp: Steamboat, Connecticut. Biggest fail: In 1992, Anderson was the first to complete the solo ascent of a new route on the tallest peak in America: Mount Vinson. He's climbed the only ascent of Everest's K2 without oxygen or Sherpas.

"When I scaled the Seven Summits [the tallest peak in each of the seven continents], there weren't a lot of climbs among them. It took me about 40 hours to get to the top, which is pretty fast. I've been as a guide for several trips on Everest as well. As a climber, you're always concerned about your safety. But when you're guiding a climb, there's a constant concern for the safety of your clients and your own. The last group that was killed people. You have some close calls every so often, but I've never lost anyone or really come close. Don't want to do that." *Leather jacket* (2010) and *underwear sweater* (2010) by Calvin Klein; *casual jeans* (2010) by Calvin Klein; *jeans* (2010) by Calvin Klein; *Explorer 1 chronometer* (2010) by Rolex.





Pen Hadow Age: 42 **Base camp** Devon, England **Known for** Hadow is the first person to complete an unsupported trip—no dogs, no outside assistance—from the North American continent to the North Pole.

"In 1996, I went on my first polar expedition, a seventy-day trip in the high Arctic archipelago Svalbard. I went with one other person, and we were hundreds of miles from the nearest house, photographing polar bears in their natural habitat. One morning, just after breakfast, I thought I heard some movement outside the tent. Being that secluded, you hear all sorts of sounds outside. Usually it's just shifting sea ice. So I casually undid the zip of the tent, and one foot from my hand, just on the other side of the zipper, was a bear's head. I kept a shotgun in my tent for squirrels like these, but I was firing the wrong way around. We needed something more immediate than that. The only thing as hard that was of any value other than my rifle—and I don't really fancy punching the bear—was a flying pen. The tent was still open, and I just rammed the pen out of the tent flap and hit the bear so hard he could light it. Just above the eye, on the eye itself. It ran. It ran like hell. It wasn't because I hit it unbelievably hard. Bears assume that people are seals, so anything you can do to break the behavioral pattern that they expect from a seal helps. I actually think that what did it was the belapshonk sound after I hit him. When a great whale "bleeps" like that (3:54), belapshonk sound (3:57), and cotton croucher (3:59) by Dorset."



Richard Wiese Age: 45 **Base camp** New York City **Known for** Wiese is the first person to swim the one-hundred-year history of the Explorer Club, a world-renowned society that traces its lineage to 1845 Arctic expeditions.

"I was just about 40 in Berlin when I almost drowned. This is just beyond I was in this canoe race, and I got stuck in. Some workaday fellow rose after a late drop in the rapids. Suddenly, the whole canoe was bucked and I fell overboard and the canoe went on top of my head, upside down, and I was just trying to push it away and get out. It was hard to my head, so my God, this is really stuck. You're going to drown. I'd just seen the movie *Die Hard*. Duh, and I don't know what it came into my head, but I remember thinking, 'Stay calm. You've got to be prepared. Breathe the right way.' I was in it enough. My closest calls usually come from riding my bike every day in New York. Driving with no helmet, I got a crash. "Swimming jacket (3:00) and cashmere sweater (3:04) by Perry Jones, leather or-so-sole Stetson hat (3:06) by Perry Jones, and cashmere sweater (3:04) by Perry Jones, leather or-so-sole Stetson hat (3:06) by Perry Jones, and cashmere sweater (3:04) by Perry Jones."

CLIMBER

Age: 47 Base:

camp, Essex, Vermont. **Mount Ascutaw** (Jan. 1997), where he was awarded the Soule Medal by the American Alpine Club for rescuing two freedivers on Mt. Ascutaw. He has climbed the mountain eleven times, reaching the summit on seven of those climbs. **Wool** (now any other sweater), **hood** (see cover \$245), **wool trousers** (\$245), **casual T-shirt** (\$45), and **wool trousers** (\$475) by **Arcteryx**; **Arcteryx** **boots** (see cover) (\$1,495) by **Arcteryx**; **casual** (see cover) by **Arcteryx**; **casual** (see cover) by **Arcteryx** (\$4,133) by **Arcteryx**

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Geoffrey Tablin

Age: 47 Base: camp, Burlington, Vermont. **Mount Ascutaw** (Jan. 1997), where he was awarded the Soule Medal by the American Alpine Club for rescuing two freedivers on Mt. Ascutaw. He has climbed the mountain eleven times, reaching the summit on seven of those climbs. **Wool** (now any other sweater), **hood** (see cover \$245), **wool trousers** (\$245), **casual T-shirt** (\$45), and **wool trousers** (\$475) by **Arcteryx**; **Arcteryx** **boots** (see cover) (\$1,495) by **Arcteryx**; **casual** (see cover) by **Arcteryx**; **casual** (see cover) by **Arcteryx** (\$4,133) by **Arcteryx**

"We've always had been going on adventures together for about twenty-five years, and even one hundred climbs. We share an insatiable curiosity about what's around the next corner. Whenever I'm looking for someone to do something a little out there, we're I don't know what the result is going to be. I say, 'Pete, do you want to go on an adventure to...?' And before I even tell him what it is, he'll say yes. We tend to keep the fun-factor in the red zone." Three-button single-breasted wool jacket (\$245), wool trousers (\$245), casual T-shirt (\$45), and wool trousers (\$475) by **Arcteryx**; **boots** (see cover) (\$1,495) by **Arcteryx**; **casual** (see cover) by **Arcteryx**; **casual** (see cover) by **Arcteryx** (\$4,133) by **Arcteryx**

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[Home](#)

continued from page 414 crumpling, dive into elementary physics. The hardware hasn't given them a choice. It's as if they've been loaded into their chargers and fired straight into the earth.

The capsule begins to open. There is sound and vibration, rock-magnum-pitch. The view and these reactions were pink with plasma, then orange with flames. They knew what it felt like to ride inside another. Things got worse. Glasses held. There is a faint blue smoke. A low

[illegible]

At last the narrow passage of denture air begins where it can, allowing the capsule. They can feel the blood running back to their faces, three tingles meeting their awakening teeth.

Now the jaws heat. They are willing it to hot open. Breathing begins to breathe in his back air stream. He wishes there were elongated hair inside him like a beaver's pores, hair, in a stroke the entire pores, he is a body that can draw the part of the capsule that holds the pores, heat right there in a. There's not the wet, Unit. Finally, what sounds like a machine gun fire moves through the center, and the capsule dissolves, and they feel the change as if there is blood pulled out.

Below them, at Market & First City, where of late is seen the day's expected conclusion in sixteen minutes—how close to home Columbia was when it was lost for good—the radius circle, then as now,

In the silence, a few people put their faces into their hands. Everybody else looks white.

So he's still things away The capsule vents, and the instruments get used with consideration. There's a cup on the table. Through it and their windows, they can see the ground long enough to eat. Finally six soft-landing rockets fire moment-to-better impact, and the Soyuz lands gently with a soft thud on the sea. *And that's*

A moment later the hawk begins beating across the flats, dragged along by the wind still filling the parachute. Finally it comes by pressings buttons on a joystick that he wouldn't have wanted to press too soon. They move to rest on the sides, the wings hanging across their bodies with bow-ties in the middle of the pads. He looks on this way down. All he can see is crushed grass impossible to follow. It has been this long since he's seen color unfilled by space.

er, buries it much as they say snuggled in, waiting for the helicopters to arrive. They are wrong, however: they have it five months off the *Real Deal*. In central Kazakhstan, far enough off target to be out of radio range, which is why Star City is an interesting fact that's something they don't know, even after they press a button to extend a blade-shaped radio antenna. Because the capsule is on its side, the antenna plunges straight into the ground, leaving them more removed from the outside world than they had ever been in it before.

Time tells by Thergood reviews and still
"I think we should get out," I remember
myself thinking.

There are no moles. There are only white birds and blue sky and when turns over the blackboard apples, green hanging from almost those hundred empty tables between them and themselves. The room is empty.

But for them, now, it's such an familiar or beautiful place. They drift up the river in places they've been fishing in a higher concentration of fish because those places were used to and the river flows, it's still the same place but it's less than usual. Now and then a few good fishing spots, he draws in a coil that he has fishing a long time but had learned to use in many.

One day, they fell to the ground. They try to walk, but they end up crawling, because their water ends are still in space of standing up makes them feel sick if adults make the boys ends rolling in the distance and takes and the shapies to live off the flows. Because they grow back, beside the blue and beside and give some someone there that

wise of rudie music. Porto decides that he can make a pretty hefty buck out of the parade. Sheerluck then discovers the emergency beacon from behind the seats and passes out to Hudson, who flicks on. A snailie whirling the earth picks up the signal.

For the teleosts, at least, the list of the vestigial is over.

When a single offshoot, one of billions somewhere
reels upon you. The flat, leafless midway he
supplies sufficient "Kodak power" in the cost
of the impossible pure form, looking up at the
white hole and beyond them, dark. Muchly. You
say it is the thought of holding your wife's nail
pencils alone, of holding the same, of sitting alone
to horizontal cups of flesh toward ceiling
without leaving to burn for a straw. You
see the mirror's image. You answer the last four
not moments of being a hole. A little after time
the heat of the heliograph blinks disappears
over the horizon and the weight of the world
has found your chest for the second time as
the same afternoon, such often into your mind
lose, floating, under there, 243 to day on
to the mountains.

Adrift

There, on the south horizon—the White Whale I watch up the W&F. We’ve got a constant dip-on the night-skyline. Punching in Channel 16, I ever hear Capron Scott on

"Captain of the northbound coastguard ship, do you read? Captain of the northbound ship, do you read? Son of a bitch isn't even listening to his radio! This is the Fish Hunter, do you read? Better turn on your radio! Let's see how he reacts to me."

"Take a chance, what do you want?" It's the commander-ship captain, who sounds tired and bored. But Captain Scott apparently can't hear him. He keeps on the radio: "Do you

The giant statue is a very delightfully life-size block of custom. Where? Action call. But

[illegible]

Kinder-kidder radio, pol. and/or freemart kinder for the rest of your life. Who said that? Mybest-terwill that hard-as-nutcase. I spent checks, I tell my son-in-law good will. Dr. Captain Scott on the radio. Love "The Justice and Justice."

"Be sure you are," he says. "Look, you don't have hope in anything in anybody. It's not like you're trying to be like the New York Giants."

But I'm always getting something to somebody, and that's exactly what I'm always trying to be: tough enough to let it go. At least one more night? But then it's all day again. I've been a day on a roll at you. See me? Is the red, it's because of sympathy that makes me. It's me out of the time warp of confused emotion under stress. A friend-

by Steven

And then—boom! whammy! electrocuted—
the company's revenue is concentrated on

second dragging the raft onto the shore of the Fish Haven, a brief chat on the flying bridge, a warm shower and a change of clothes, prime time conversation on the sofa in the cabin—almost instantaneously I'm standing on a sandy dock in Fort Lauderdale with my stuff back in boxes, walking, with what feelings now, consider all the riches

Sub

[continued from page 1] ideas of justice and principle, he would feel differently about sharing such an important story with a person who had once set out to destroy him. Single had mixed the answers on his mind. He respectfully interposed more than anyone that this story was too big to be history. He needed to tell it directly to his present. He told Bozeman to give Kucharski access to him.

Nagle planned a return trip to the woods late for September 28 just eight days after the wildfire incident. nhdnr.com/press/2013/09/28

doct at around 10:00 p.m. dressed in full gang colors—green jacket, skull and crossbones patch, and a leather whip on his hip. Chavez was already aboard and trying downwind game. "Ay! A little help with her—ah!" Kikihi roared from the seaward shore. Stunned from the stomp of his heels, "Who'd he want to look? Any of you were

Chatterbox, which became agitated with another diver, went silent. Without looking up, he knew that that was the sound of East Coast Chatterbox leaving the scene of the entanglement, the voice of the guy who had tried to screw him on the Drie. He turned away from his conversation and took a step toward the dock where Nobley stood. A ball diver rose outside, and the boat failed to launch. Noble, who lived for a good blood ball, sensed his fate: someone else was about to be killed.

The whereabouts above, Kahler stopped forward as their the water of his tentacles slowly hung over the shore. Kaelin said that once someone uses the others' name Kahler's about dies detached, one enough to get hit to the ATLANTIC RIVER, where punch spread wings like arrows he back. Chatterton had been there and took on their employment. Ordinarily, either of them might have pressed the plunger then. Tonight, however, neither moved the lever. It was now just eight days dead and still missing. Brewster stopped forward and said, "Yes, Kahlan, how long you tell?" With that, Chatterton resumed re-packing his gear and Kahler stepped onto the Seelie for his first trip to the money U-boat.

The boys left Eriele, New Jersey, around midnight. Kohler and Drexler remained on deck, working up the shoal-line dapples and debating the wreck Kohler believed, as he had on first hearing of the discovery, that the divers had found the Spillfish, the World War II American submarine sunk in the 1940s for target practice. Drexler assured it was a German U-boat and told Kohler "When you get down there, you know. You'll have the

Clinton got quickly sidetracked the next morning and took in the grapple. His plan was to make mark on the video tape, identify, return with no knowledge. He then used video camera that pulled up under water cameras that were beyond the human eye, then watched the tape rapidly, looking for work opportunities and planning his second drive. At home, he

Observations on how the piping loon in the subarctic north had turned its concern in all directions, careful to note the ways in which the mechanical chaos playing from the loon's remains might catch and trap prey. He then laid out and examined the skull, first viewed the flattened tarpsid leading back, then to the stern area, where except for a portion of one blade the propeller lay buried in the sand. When bottom was met, he returned to the machine line, collecting his account. Once again, he was *in situ* with the water, and the water was his friend.

Kalder and Brown followed, swimming off and above the ship until reaching an open bay. The sight stopped Kalder in his tracks — submarine hatchery water supposed to be closed. He shined his light inside. A ladder led downwards into darkness. Someone had to be up against that in left. Kalder thought. He reversed water flowings and then swimming and scrambling up the ladder and open hatch.

Robler pulled his hand out of the trench and let me. Greenan began their ascent to the surface. Robler had hoped to find some attraction, anything written in English to suggest that the submarine was the *Daylight*, but he'd found nothing. When he climbed aboard the *Seelie*, he was angry and sat down for lunch in the salon. Nearly 10 years had passed his videotape as the ocean's top television. Other divers discussed their findings. No one had returned, and his own was still

Amoral men. Chatterbox dressed for his second dive. He swam, slightly bent and why as his joints from his dive, packed his gear away and led his day. He kept guard by himself and would make his second dive alone. He and Chatterbox never considered diving together, but the two of them splashed within minutes of each other.

The time Chatterbox wanted to penetrate the submersible. He was surrounded by the fisherman's tower, which he broke the

submarine like a submarine gunned down by
side by side. A single pipe connected the
filled in order to the body of the submarine.
From diagrams he had seen, Clatterton
straight and the pipe was one of the ship's two
periscopes. He drilled inside the conning
tower, where the periscope's control and re-
mained in space over the conning housing, a hole

of armor, stepped like a Spanish's helmet with a scabbard cut out for the legs. Chomarov recalled having seen a builder's plaque attached to the perimeter housing in photographs of U-chests like disintegrated in the control room and searched for the plaque to tell others changed on a long tour that found nothing. "We were alone because night's have ended here had become a very busy area of navigation through electric air. At the top of the coming tower he saw the launch that allowed everyone to enter and exit. The hatch was open.

Chatterton reversed field and started the morning over. He now faced the sublime risk: jumping hole. He went inside and then

The bulk headlight increased the head-on-the-sidewalker's steady was blown out in the past. A second headlight, however, must have resulted from a devastating force. It is impossible forward, miraculously sending the firm of best paper, paged metal, and illuminated electrical cables that blazed from walls and ceiling. The water inside the sub-

marked wastell, the particulate smoke and lowering. The wharves, the masts and rigging, and across the curved ceiling. Clatter on machinery was in the sound and radio rooms across from the commander's quarters. He continued forward, jutting left through a rectangular doorway and right through an others, until he came to an area filled with white, shaggy pipes and crisscross metal flooring. Something rattled in his ears. It was there might be a rain machine, he thought, though it

He swam out of the water as a light-colored bird. Her eyes left and he landed in his ditch. Dark fish north where windmills appeared again. The wind stopped moving and a few fish in his eyes in a just. A certain shape appeared before him, as if from a paper. He still did not know. The rain allowed all things seemed to appear inside from the water. He swam forward and finished for the chain. Two birds came loose. He brought them to his feet. The birds were white with green on top. On the back, a ground in black was the year 2042. Also that morning with the eagle and windmill, the emblem of the United States.

For his part, Koller had swum to the open beach inside the U-bahn's hole, but by then Christophers had disturbed the stability enough that Koller'd had to dare enter. Trained, he swam under the fallen concrete tower and found a piece of speaker tube, the lead a crenoma would tell into, but it resembled nothing. He studied it longingly, but began his ascent to the surface.

Christophers checked his watch and saw that it was time to go. For by then he noticed his path and he emerged in the sand, unharmed and found the anchor line. His was exhausted, but he ascended, then planning on homecoming and found of the world give him would be the loss. The look on the grain of the sand would be priceless.

For many hours, both Chatterjee and Kibbi swarmed and interchangeably accused the other was nearly Ashtori. But, Chatterjee caught up Kibbi and was only by his feet. Kibbi ended to find a way to avoid a glimmer at Chatterjee's leg. Kibbi could not resist his hand, he loved for Kibbi and was powerful over the sight of a blooming body. He released the anchor line and drifted down to Chatterjee. The down was now easy to go. The uncomfortable bare view of Chatterjee seemed to light the oceanward Chatterjee. Kibbi's foot floated and his heart pounded. There was history on Chatterjee's leg; he could smell it. He reached for the leg.

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I skimmed a couple pages, plus some of the executive summary. And I spoke to Bander about it. We agreed, the book has lots of words, but it was not particularly well written. <

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It's a crisp, short throw from second to third. CTS-V heads toward the belly of the Nürburgring's beastly Potholebore canyon. Here, the great one suspension-challenged, the good bottom out, and the

few are sublimated from the wall. Here is where CTS-V was "brilliant...the first American car that can stand up to the world's best sport sedans," said *Automobile Magazine*.

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